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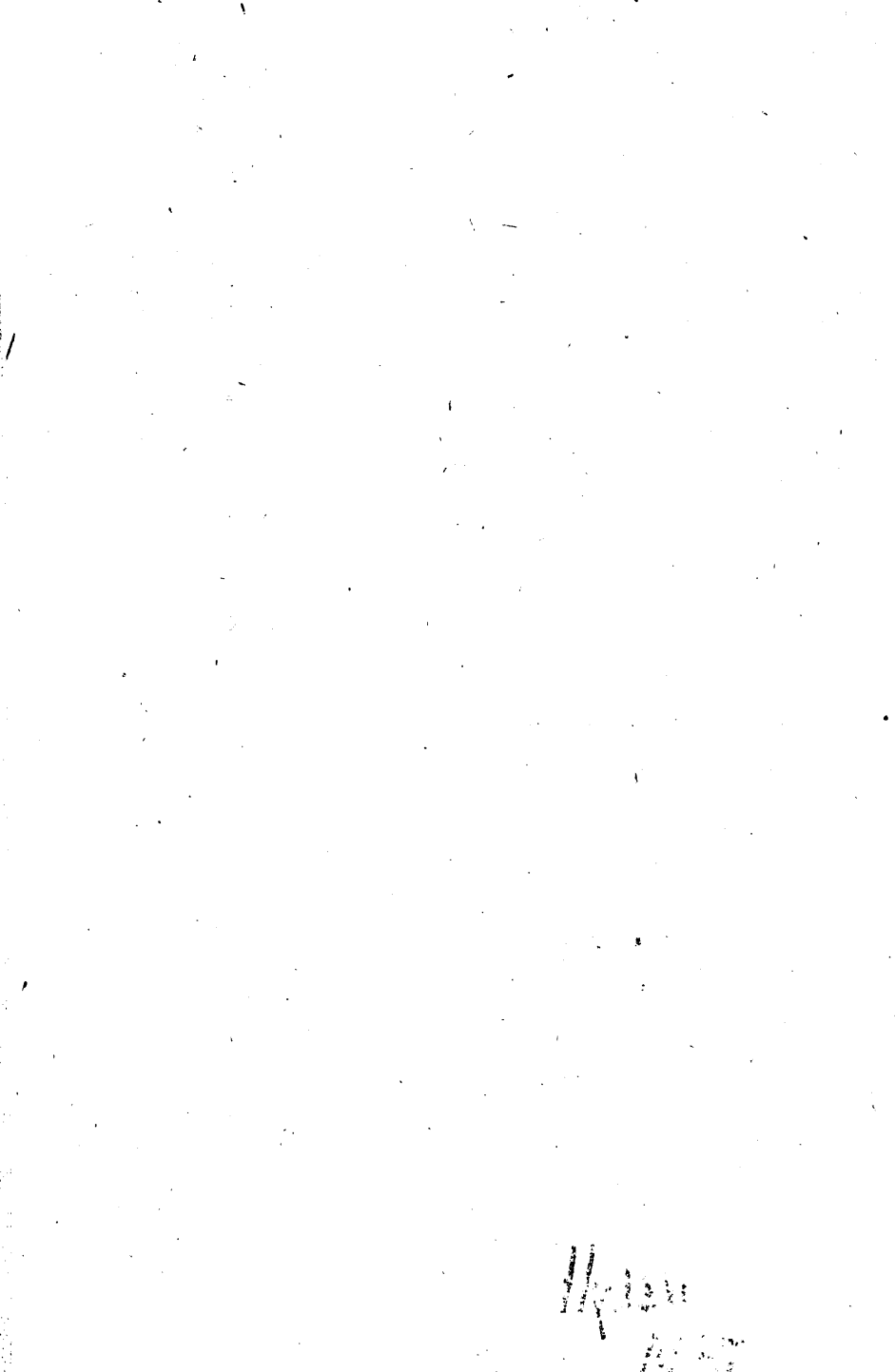
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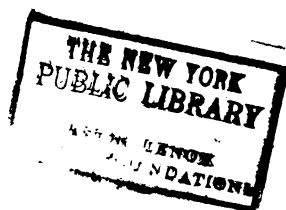
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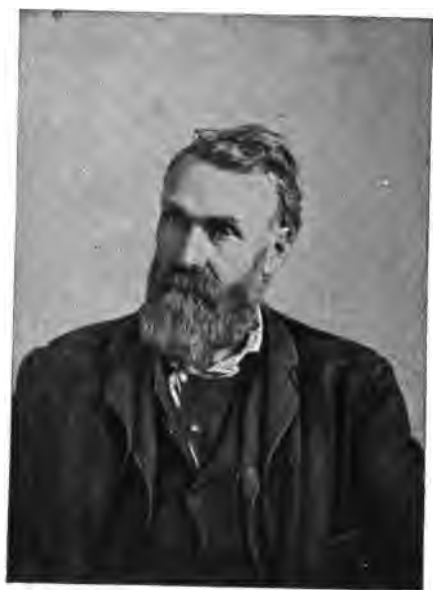








H. L.
N. B. I.



H. H. HYDER.

THE
DOUBLE GOLDEN CHAINS
with
Blazing Diamonds Strung,

by
H. H. HYDER,
PINEY FLATS, TENNESSEE,

Embraces four fundamental subjects which
the author term Chains, as follows:

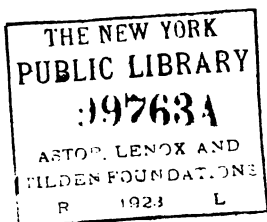
ROAN MOUNTAIN,
SPACE AND TIME, GOD'S EXISTENCE
AND BEYOND THE RIVER
WITH CONCLUSION.

Perfectly Original.

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE:
JAS. A. DENTON, Publisher.

May 15th, 1889.

W. B.



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INTRODUCTION.

WITH brevity, we will try to sketch, by way of an introduction, a few facts concerning the life of our modern poet, and the primordial cause of his attempt to exercise his poetic talent.

Henry Hampton Hyder was born, January 9th, 1825, in Carter Co., E. Tennessee, near the verdant banks of Doe river. His parents immigrated to Illinois when he was only five years old. Both died there five years later, leaving Henry an orphan, away from his native country, and to endure the trials and afflictions of the heartless world alone. At the age of 12 he was conducted back to Tennessee by a friend, where he was forced to make his physical, boyish strength equal, in manual labor, to the slaves. At the age of 21 he went back to Springfield, Illinois of his own accord, remained four years, and again staggered back to old Tennessee, a wreckless man, without a practical or even a primary education; without father or mother, and almost without friends to point him to an avocation that would, in the future, redound to his benefit and pleasure. He worked as an apprentice in a cabinet shop two years, and while visiting Sullivan Co., Tennessee, for the purpose of assisting in a job of millwrighting for Michael Masengill, on the waters of the Watauga, he was fascinated by the charms of Miss Sallie Masengill, who, in 1852, became his wife. He, after marrying, went

to Green Co., Tennessee, stayed five years, and then returned again to Sullivan Co., to the farm of his wife, and to this day he resides in quite a secluded, but handsome dwelling, overlooking the sparkling tide of the Watauga.

Being a man of great energy and nerve, knowing himself to be ignorant so far as an education can assist, he set about to raise himself and family to a fair financial and social standing, but his constitution soon failed, and he became a shattered physical man.

In 1884 the piercing hand of affliction bore oppressively upon his vitals; for some time it was presumed that his earthly days were soon to be numbered. At the setting of the sun, "when he had retired and closed his evening door, shadowing the landscape of this hemisphere o'er; when down the wild, craggy occident he had passed, and veiled the crimsoned kisses on the tinted clouds which he had cast; when the last fiery glow of his vesper ray, had passed behind the azure, empyrean vault away; when the microchromatic queen goddess of night, was attired in her brilliant robe of silver light, and pouring out her transparent beams, in great modulating, ocean-like, floods and streams; when gentle zephyrs were fanning night's sombre breast, and dame nature's blind shadows were slumbering sweetly at rest," the agonized body relaxed its pangs of pain and the restless spirit launched out in God's immensity to scan the veiled mysteries beyond the feeble grasp of carnality. He thought his last earthly hours had arrived, so feeling no fears, no pains, he gently clasped his thought-for-dying pillow and closed his eyes to this mundane sphere, only to sleep; but the spirit was borne on angel's papouse pinions to the Celestial City, which fact he clearly states in the "golden chain, Beyond the River," there in the grand Eternal, forever. All night he revelled in the felicity of a heavenly, spiritual life, but as the twinkling stars closed their sparkling eyes, and the glowing face of the rising "king of day" cast his wak-

ening beams upon the quietly sleeping body, the slumberless angelic choir accompanied the pleasing spirit back to its earthly tabernacle, and again life awoke the resting tenement of clay. He fast convalesced, and in a short time was restored to his normal, physical strength. But the mystic drapery that hides the seen from the unseen remained aside, and his mind was continually haunted with the pleasures it revealed, so forcibly that he thought he would try, in his illiterate and fragile way, to sketch what he had seen and felt, intending only to scribble a few pages to test their virtue. When the attempt was once begun, the grandeur and beauty of nature illumined his mind, and obscure thoughts flowed like autumn leaves before a storm, till in his amazement and joy he found that his talent as a poet only lacked an effort. So within the last four years he has joined link with link till he has forged a "Double golden chain with blazing diamonds strung."

In 1888 he visited a publishing house to get terms on original poetic manuscript. His writing was not examined, but more than likely, judged from his personal appearance, he was advised to "go back home and follow his 'old trade' as there was nothing in poetry anyway."

Being determined to see his writing in some kind of form, and having the "will" he soon found a "way," though rude it may seem, yet to his delight, in 1889, he has the pleasure of scanning his vision in his own language, and reading his prayers in rhyme.

J. A. D.

QUOTATIONS.

“For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and God-head.”

—Rom. 1. 20.

“The mind of man, a particle plucked from the intellect of the Almighty, can be compared with nothing else, if we may be forgiven for saying so, than with God himself.”

“God can raise on high the meanest serf and bring low the proudest noble. Fortune, swooping with the dash of an angle, snatches the imperial diadem from this man, and delights to place it on the head of some other.”

Plato says of a poet:— “For a poet is a light thing, with wings, sacred, unable to compose poetry till he is inspired, and out of his sober senses, his imagination being no longer under his control. For while a person is in complete possession of his wits, he cannot compose verses or speak oracularly.”

Hyder says:— “He that can, with one unbounded grasp, contemplate, and something loftier than his own reason state: when this is the case the Eternal Spirit, alone, is sceptered indubitably on reason's throne.”

Our mistakes and imperfections may be legion, but our desires and innocent wishes are to ever encourage good.

Acts. v. 39:— “If this work be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.”

RoanMountain.

FOR grand, sublime thoughts I have my banner unfurled,
As the grasping poet laureate of the world ;
From the heavens to the earth my licenses reach,
Out to space's verge and down to duration's beach ;
The out-stretched universe I claim as my own,
With life's pellucid river from beneath the throne.
I've ascended Cloudland's gigantic altitude,
'Round whose towering peaks flying clouds are strewed ;
And by golden sunbeams of early dawn they're kissed,
Only at late evening twilight are they dismissed.

My imagination has stretched her pinions wide,
That my poetic verse with food may be supplied.
This scenery is enough to put man's speech to hush,
And paralyze skilled Artistic hand with a brush.
So peerless is the height of my exalted theme,
It has absorbed my mind to a wandering dream.
This view has so fructified my vision with thought,
That my imaginative power is o'er-wrought.
This beautiful, flowery, summer month of June,
The twenty-sixth day, in the early after-noon;
And here on this exalted summit I will state,
In the year of our Lord, eighteen and eighty-eight,
On the summit of Cloudland's sun-rise rock I stand,
Viewing the peaks piled-up by God's creative hand;
And thinking, as I scan the scene with my inner eye,
Of God who conversed with Moses on Sinai,
And He pavilioned himself round with a thick cloud,
When vibrating toned thunders the elements plowed,
And Mt. Sinai's heights with smoking clouds were crowned,
And blazing lightning flashed their fiery wings around;
If, as Paul, I had an indomitable will,
As he reasoned of the unknown god on Mar's Hill;
Then as Isaiah, the prophet, were I inspired,
And my tongue with coals from Heaven's altar fired;
If, as Moses, I could behold a burning bush,
As when he was bade the shoes off his feet to push,
Then my intellectual faculties I'd array,
The wonder musings of my being to portray;
The words from my mouth would in grandiloquence roll,
While intoxicated with this scene is my soul.

Now I will to all mankind some problems propound,
If they have fathoming plummet their depths to sound :
Could they but a drop from the ocean analyze,
With a puff of wind from beneath the starry skies ;
Then tell the difference between the winds that blow
And the briny waters that in the ocean flow.
Then can they with their pioneering visions trace
The womb of the viewless storm to its birth-place ;
Can they then trace his circumnavigated path,
And tell who ordained its unappeasable wrath ;
Then tell who, unmolested in its path, remain,
Whether paupers, or, they who have held empire reign ;
And then tell the intrinsic place in man's probation
That destines him for Heaven or deep damnation.
Where does hope ; man's living, anticipating spring,
Die and coagulate into a serpent's sting ?
Is nature's unalterable laws at variance
With supernatural light and common sense ?
Is there not an unalterable causation
That gives to man a super-natural relation ?
Could man in his depraved state obtain salvation
Without a tangible, super-natural relation ?
If in duration there was time when nothing was,
What could have procreated a living cause ?
Could nothing, something intellectually learn,
And into a tangible reality turn ?
By whom were nature's unalterable laws contrived,
By which light in nature, day by day, is revived ?
Could nonentity resolve into something wise,
And something introduce, and it rationalize ?

If God the world from nothing into being spake,
Why then did not He his creatures from nothing make?
In God's word, out of the ground, to man its revealed
That the Lord God formed every beast of the field.
If they can my problems graphically understand,
Of them a systematic answer I demand.
Then man could with his keen symptomatology
Decipher my spontaneous montology.
If man would for my predeliberations reach,
Explicit should be his unambiguous speech.
Strange things to man's mind are oft times presented,
That could be by no living genius invented.
Man should, without procrastination or delay,
His deep thoughts graphically, scrutinizingly weigh,
For there's legislation transacted in man's mind
For which he can no scientific answer find;
And many things in his intuition are planned,
Which he can neither comprehend nor understand.
There are depths too fathomless for plummet to sound,
Nor could surveyors, with chain, measure them around;
They are as a peerless mountain without a top,
Or like an overflowing stream without a stop;
They are e'er in a continual commotion,
Like the deep, restless, ebbing and flowing ocean.
Frail, mortal man need not with flesh and blood confer,
If he would to his reasoning instinct adhere.
With my prepostulations I would not disguise,
As those who profess to be over-weatherwise.
At noon and at eve man can see fast flying clouds
That have drenching showers rolled in their mystic shrouds

That man would adenologyze them into rain, }
The appellation of a weather prophet to gain. }
When exalted beyond my reach is the summit,
And too soundless the abyssmal gulf for plummet; }
Then when a base I fail to find, shadows I'll make,
So man may not a substance for a shadow take.
Who is he that createth war and maketh peace,
And causeth the morals of the land to decrease?
Who's he that sitteth on the circles of the earth,
And wings the fast flying pestilents to their birth?
Why are the elements by red winged lightning plowed,
As the showers are unwombed from the dark rolling clouds?
Who is he that paints vivid lightning's damask wings,
And barbs man's guilty conscience with hell's fiery stings?
Who is he that constructed man's wonderful frame,
And breathed into it deathless promethian flame,
And courses the red fluid through his mystic veins,
And pioneer thoughts through his mysterious brains?
Who's he that can let down Eternitie's bars,
And turn man's thought out in the blazing fields of stars,
And herd them there be'ond Creation's girt in Space's field,
Where telescope, yet to man, has never revealed?
If man would ken down time's mystic corridors dim,
He must the wick of vision's lamp carefully trim.
Some things to man will be hermetically sealed
Till they are to him by Time's sweeping flow revealed.
Man must Time's prefiguring cycles consult
To forshadow what would be a future result.
Man must his numbers down Time's labyrinth fling,
Ere he can her dim, unchronical secrets sing.

In the past there were acorns sown between the seas
By Providence, and they made giant forest trees ;
They took deep root as in a mountain of rocks
That has encountered many groaning earthquake shocks ;
They stood in their stupenduous exalted pride,
Having the storms of many centuries defied ;
As each successive year rolled her seasons around,
Were they with Dame Nature's rich habiliments crowned :
Then in time there sprung from an invisible germ,
Something that made a little insignificant worm ;
It grew, and into an army it multiplied,
And cut down the gigantic forest in its pride.
They tumbled on the Isle between the rolling seas,
Without the supervision of the stormy breeze ;
Even their tangled roots that were deep in the ground,
Now nowhere between the briny seas, can be found.
When wickedness has run its diabolical course,
Destruction wakes up from an unexpected source.
I say to the watchman, "Watchman what of the night?
Have you not smothered under a bushel your light,
As you stood watch on the tower of Zion's wall?
Out at midnight's hour did you not refuse to call?"
The watchman says : "The morning comes, also the night"
Who is ready to take his everlasting flight?"
Arise when will, a bright illuminating star
To swing the gate of my spontaneous views ajar.
He that could my preconsiderations assert,
Would be an overflowing stream in a desert.
He that can my deep alpitomancies sound,
Could measure the whirling anemogropies around ;

Who could break Time's mystic apocalyptic seal)
 And her wonder cosignificatives reveal.
 Who is he that does plumatology possess
 My views with magniloquent words to express?
 Man may be master of many professions,
 And unboundless may be his untold possessions;
 His mental, visual faculty he may overtax,
 And great in the world's estimation he may wax;
 Scientific technicalities he may learn,
 But they will avail him nothing without a turn.
 Man tries over all things to predominate,
 And with Heaven and Hell he tries to communicate;
 The theory of creation he has tried to teach,
 And the heavens by towers he has tried to reach.
 Man must expand wide his scintillating vision
 To scan the dazzling domes of the Elysian.

* * * * *

Harp of the Muse, tuneless long in my mouth had hung,
 Till recent was it by Thy hand invisible ~~was~~strung;
 Strung by the great Master's superinducing hand
 That strings golden harps for Heaven's orchestra band;
 He that strung the hundred forty thousand and four,
 (Whose mighty strains like tumbling cataracts roar,)
 And tuned the tongues of the bright morning

stars that sung,

With whose shouts Bethlehem's plains at

Christ's advent rung.

The super-preinducing hand I did not see—

As sure in death we die, my harp He strung for me;

That arranging hand and pre-original face

Was as viewless as the furthest verge of space.
Long three score years ago was it purposely made
And hung as on a willow then not to be played,
Like the captive Babylonian's harp that hung
Mouldering on the willow, in a strange land, unstrung.
It hung, desymphonized, through seasons in my mouth,
Like seeds ungermed in the dry, scorching, torrid South ;
Like seeds entombed with Egyptian mummy bones
Deep beneath their temples or pyramid stones.
The stringing of my harp was mysteriously done
Between the going down and rising of the Sun,
When he had retired and closed his evening door,
And shadowed the landscape of this hemisphere o'er ;
When down the wild, craggy occident he had passed,
And veiled the crimsoned kisses on the clouds he'd cast ;
When the last fiery glow of his vespertine ray
Had passed from the azure empyrean vault away ;
When the microchromatic queen goddess of night
Was attired in her brilliant robe of silver light ;
When she was pouring out her transparent beams
In great modulating, ocean-like, floods and streams ;
When gentle zephyrs was fanning night's sombre breast
And dame Nature's blind shadows was slumbering at rest ;
When the bright, scintillating, bedazzling stars
Were revolving around the burning throne of Mars,
And holding their carnivals around her blazing throne,
And "King Day" was beaming light on some other zone ;
When the escorting, consoled, lambent host
Were swinging their golden lamps to light every coast ;
When the milkway sea of glory was all ablaze,

On which floats the bright, ancient ships of Days ;
When the great Aldebaran and the Pleiades
Were floating as silver bubbles on ether seas.
It was done as noiselessly as the sunbeams that play,
As they kiss the dewdrops from the roses in May ;
As noiseless as a shadow on a placid lake
When there's no stirring breeze their bubbles to break ;
Gentle as the opening of the fragrant flowers
As they are baptized with the sprays of summer showers :
A thousand times greater was my God bestowed bliss,
Than taking from a bride the first nuptial kiss.
When all was over, emotionalized was my soul
As when from nature's organ bursting thunders roll.
As I was sailing over Time's tempestuous sea
For the emblazoned realms of immortality ;
For Refugee's city, I was going my length,
Exerting my engineering genius and strength ;
From the avenger of blood I was fleeing
To save, from a devil's hell, my inner being.
My bark was compassed for God's glorious summer land,
And by Time's boisterous breeze was she swiftly fanned ;
By a thousand storms o'er the waves she'd been driven,
And oft times in her maelstrom she was well-nigh riven.
My frail bark was nearing Jordan's mystic shore,
Whose mountain like waves as seven fold thunders roar.
I was beginning to look for the Elysian spires
And the curling smoke of the golden altar fires :
I was drawing near, and up to the gate almost,
To hear the shouting of the celestial host ;
In my eager surprise I was trying to behold

God's deathless, sapphire gemmed city of burnished gold.
My soul was making ready, that it might, on any day,
Leave and cast her old storm ridden hulk away.
In the past I'd entombed fifty-nine by-gone years
Over whose graves I have shed Sorrow's bitter tears ;
I was then born in the wide, mystic field of rhyme
When my death-bell was well-nigh ready to chime ;
When fifty-nine long years in the rear had fled
And passed away with a breath of the slumbering dead.
When my allotted time had well-nigh passed away,
God unwillowed my harp and strung its mystic lay.
The stringing of my harp was to me as great a wonder
As one hearing from cloudless skies claps of thunder.
Heaved up was my encyclopediated emotion
As cyclones would whirling drive the waves of ocean.
The stringing of my harp I could never relate,
Neither could I, it to mortal communicate.
What I saw with my inner eye, I could not tell,
It is as high as Heaven and much deeper than Hell.
A well-spring deep in my precognition He sank,
And water of more than Pierian Spring I drank ;
And of more than ever rippled from Haleyon fount,
Or that of any snow-clad, mineralized mount.
And more sweet than Vishnu's juice of immortality,
Or that drawn from Victorian, Saccharine tree,
More pure than pellucid water of Aroostook,
Or that drawn from any soft Arcadian brook.
Or as a spring, mystic as that made by Moses' rod
As Israel through the desert to Canaan trod.
Water of more virtue, to the world I wish to state,

Than that from Bethlehem's well, which is by the gate.
Water of more virtue than Jacob's deep dug well
I drank, which healed the bite of the serpent of Hell.
Water of the forever healing and gurgling spring
That heals the toxicology of the serpent's sting.
I have drunk of the forever pure flowing wine
Of the vine around which prophet board used to twine.
He by whom the vast worlds in Space's field were flung
Articulated and poeticized my tongue.
He that double tongued the bellowing thunders loud
And set his symphonions bow in the cloud;
He that scooped out the depth of the fathomless main
Poeticized the chamber walls of my brain.
He that's enthroned and rules the universe at large
Has taken my pre-deliberations in charge;
Orthometry in my intuition he has wrought
With a vast incomprehensible field of thought;
And then endowed me with a contemplating instinct,
And with a discriminating faculty to think;
And gave me a pre-creative burning desire,
And formed my thoughts with Hudibrastic choir.
He unscaled and gave me a poetic eye to see,
And I launched out on his boundless immensity;
And through his infinite star-like expanse I trailed,
And on his immeasurable ether seas I sailed.
Out on the unconceivable and endless vast,
System after system I in succession passed.
I scanned till I left creation's light girt behind
That a shore in Space's unknown realms I might find;
Away beyond I found Chaos' night so congealed

It stopped my exploring voyage in Space's field.
In my eager efforts I endeavored to soar
Out in the realms of the unknown, never more.
So back in the cycles of creation I sped,
O'er the entombed oblivion that had long been dead.
A rich treasure found I in the field of my brain
That would out assay any Peruvian vein;
It would beggar Golconda's blazing, diamond gems,
More than could be found in her deep volcanic realms!
Worth more than African gems or Australian gold
To me, than the ships of all Europe would hold;
Worth more than all the ermine robes and signet rings
Than were ever worn by Potentates, Priests, or Kings,
Or all the wealth that ever was scattered or strown,
Or more than all the cinnamon from the groves of Ceylon.
The Sovereign, a pennyless treasure to me did give,
Worth more than the revolving globe on which we live.
A double golden chain with blazing diamonds strung
I've culled from my brain and stranded with my tongue.
With unutterable gems burdened was my tongue
As on my golden chain, I, my bright diamonds strung.
I found the priceless nuggets in the field of my brain,
From which I forged my bright, double, golden chain.
From all the empires, provinces, regions and zones
I culled other priceless gems and diamond stones;
The nuggets of intrinsic worth which I have found
Were plucked from my brain and the universe around.
One mystic, wise lesson to mankind I would teach
If I could erminize my thoughts into words of speech,
For ages after this, when my bones to dust return,

There will be something in my verse for man to learn.
For cycles untranslated my verses will be,
Unless mankind will obtain my cipher and key.
My numbers down to future ages I have cast,
And man can read them only as the years sweep past.
If man would thirteen squadrons of my numbers count,
And will calculate and tell their exact amount;
Then he in the deep sweep of rolling years might learn,
When my mystic cipher and key would mark their turn.
All known philosophers with all their skill combined
Will fail, many years, my key and cipher to find.
My anthology will puzzle the human soul
While Time shall her apocalyptic cycles roll;
While cormorant thunders stir the passing breeze
And there's no commotion on the ebbing, flowing seas:
So long as there's a breeze in the elements to blow,
Or while subaqueous rivers in the ocean flow.
When my harp was cannonized with poetic thought,
I then a glimpse of God's effulgent glory caught.
Light outshines the brightness of the noon-day sun,
Like as when he crosses the midday meridian;
Like ether would to blazing, lightning flashes turn
And into one grand universal flame would burn.
Seemingly I was on a grand promontory
Enveloped in a translucent sea of glory,
Like the Heavenly transparent sea of glass
O'er which glory-bound saints to Jerusalem passed.
The effulgent, dazzling glory, was more bright,
Than glaring flooded flames from bursting suns at night;
Like flooding fiery cascades with ascending spray,

Or vermillioned rain-bow in the clouds of endless day.
It extended far above the orbs o'er my head,
And away down deep beneath that on which I tread.
It reached beyond where mortal eye had ever scanned
In vast streaming, pellucid floods on every hand.
The great "I Am" wide open swung his palace door,
And I scanned his glory as those who've gone before.
By me, my Heaven bestowed treasure would not be sold
For ten thousand piled-up mountains of shining gold :
My wealth no mathematician could state
Nor could he, it, by simple numbers estimate ;
Neither could it be by wisest philosophers told,
For it consisteth not in nuggets bright of gold.
When o'er my priceless, godly bestowed treasure I brook,
On the world's nobility, as beggars, I would look ;
Such beggars for drugery I would not choose, *surely*
They could not have the honor of shining my shoes.
I was more than wonder overwhelming surprised
When my harp and muse was super-trans-humanized.
I was then embellished with up-soaring delight
As the effulgent glory, flamed around me bright ;
The effulgent glory cloud did blaze and roll,
Like ether had turned into blazing sheens of gold.
Like God had swung his temple window open wide,
And strown Space with glory flowers, from side to side.
Every thing seemed to be robed with gorgeous attire,
Like burnished seas with golden mountain waves of fire.
My mysterious gift was as soundless to me
As the pathless ocean of wide eternity ;
'Tis something that transcends the powers of my mind—

A mystery for which no answer I can find ;
Its grandeur will never be erased from my soul
While the vast sweeping cycles of duration roll.
When my mystic wonder musing harp was all strung,
Then with the blazing morning stars I could have sung.
My ravished soul was expanding its wings of light,
Seemingly but to take its everlasting flight ;
Seemingly with a starry robe I was attired,
When, with empyrian poetic muse, I was fired.
The revolving worlds seemed to me as little things
When my gifted soul was spreading its snowy wings.
Seemingly to Chaos' verge I could have sailed,
And the grand, peerless peaks of Eternity scaled.
If I had been ermine robed and golden crowned,
Leading the gem clad Monarchs of the world around ;
And been driven in an imperial car of state
With all of the crowned kings of the world on me to wait ;
With all of them strewing my pathway with flowers,
And wreathing across my way, vine-clad bowers ;
And I'd been feasting on the revelry and mirth
With all the gluttonous luxuries of earth ;
And my joy, all the grandeur could not have increased
When I was drinking my gorgeous, poetic feast.
If on the transfiguring mount I had been,
And cleansed from all my iniquity and sin ;
If then I had seen the sapphired dome on Heaven's wall
My pre-libation could not have been increased at all.
My soul was over-powered with joy so great
No tongue in a thousand years my feelings could relate.
I could check the silver moon that revolves on high

And her mission with my own light could supply ;
And could arraign yonder sun in his course
And supply his wanton light from my own source.
Then the rosy wings of the morning I could take,
And into daylight on Chaos' verge, I could break.
I could open the pit of damnation below
And send the last fiend to where the sanctified go.
I could make and meet the entire heavens in a span,
And grasp the Asteroids in the hollow of my hand :
And could sink the mountains till they could rise no more
And pump the boundless ocean dry from shore to shore.
Drop by drop I could count the wide waves of the sea,
And sweep down to the last years of eternity.
The stars of the great azure vault I could arraign,
And could the skin of the Ethiopian change.
Then by me as easy could all the worlds be made
As make myself a poet without Divine aid.
The Eternal Jehovah that's enthroned on high
Poeticised my mind in the twinkling of an eye.
He that showers the rain from the heavens on high down
Plenipotentiaried me with a poetic crown.
My subject transcends mortal man's loftiest strain,
Such wisdom comes from no humanitarian brain
It is a task that by no mortal could be done
For all the treasures beneath the revolving sun ;
For description I'm inadequate to the task,
In trembling awe, only in its floods could I bask ;
I dare not of its unexplainable blaze to speak,
To describe, my mental faculties are too weak.
The sublime scene in my mind continues to prance

Like inconceivable, overpowering romance.
It seemed that Heaven's convex lens was so directed
That glory through the expanse might be reflected.
Its blaze in transcendent, lucid lusters bright,
Excelled, in super-eminence, all other light :
Mortal would have to be super-trans-humanized
To behold its half mirrored glow with his eyes.
Time's dim, fleeting shadows seemed to've passed away,
And gleamed into everlasting. eternal day.
The world seemed, with its greatness, to have disappeared,
And Space, with her revolving orbs, seemed unspared.
The blazed, counterpoised microcosms were no more,
For they'd left to make room for Glory's blazing store.
The pulchritude of glory, no mortal can know
The pellucid gloss of its hyperion glow ;
To sketch its sublime glow, neither genius nor art
Could make the least glimmering shade of a start.
Neither could blazing comets nor meteors bright
Represent or tell of Glory's transcendent light.
It would eclipse into humiliating hush
The crimson tinted clouds of Morning's early blush.
Such sketching would have to come from a celestial line,
Or from the pre-existing, unbeginning Divine ;
Nor could I, with the bright sunset, glowing hues,
Paint or sketch my overflowing, ingrafted views.
When radiant light in translucid luster shown
As the effulgent blaze from the eternal Throne :
When man will the flaming throne of Jehovah see,
Only then can he tell what Glory's light will be.
Nor could the constellations with their light lambent

Could not the least shadow of Glory represent.

* * * * *

If with more than a thousand strings my harp were strung
They should all to Him, who made the bright world, be sung.
Loud halleluiahs, hosannas to God I will sing,
Till my way to the realms of his love I will wing;
To God Almighty, the eternal, I will give the praise
Whom I call the antiquitarian of Days.
Thou invisible, who stands near me while I write,
Do thou aradiate my faculties with thy light:
Oh! thou great Omnipotent! tune afresh my lyre
And exhume all my smouldering poetic fire,
Then on tip toe on this eminence I will stand,
Eagerly to view the workmanship of thy hand.
Awake thou, Muse, if thou in this wild region dwell,
And help me its sublimest splendors truthfully tell;
Robe thyself and then stand before me and smile
While I the grandeur of these surroundings compile.
Wake-up, ye mighty, slumbering thunders to-day,
And bid your blazing lightnings around me play.
Ye elements, your bellowing thunders unchain,
And let loose blazing lightning's fiery reign;
Let thy bellowing thunders loose and lightnings fly
That they may for me my hard task electrify.
May thy thunders be as steeds with lightning shod,
And sound as the rolling chariot wheels of God.
When I hear the echoing of thy deep thunders roll
May they electrify and stimulate my sluggish soul.
Could I from here to the regions of the Andes sail,
Then could I her glittering icy mantle scale;

To the region and country where the condor infests,
Where on its towering, craggy summit she makes her nest,
If then I could capture her with my poetic skill
I would then from her ponderous wing pluck a quill,
Then from the quill I would make me a pen to write,
With it then these surroundings I would expedite;
Then were I possessed with genius, wisdom and skill
Then all known dialects into one tongue I would drill,
Then all my wisdom together I would array,
That I might my sublime subject with skill portray.
Hail thou great scene that there looms up before my sight,
It fills my eager soul with ecstatic delight!
This peak on which I stand, God has piled-up so high,
She looms far up above the rain clouds 'neath the sky,
On the storm-driven clouds she looks down with a frown,
Those that would refresh and recuperate her crown;
As a queen she says: "no farther can you go,"
So they go around, or exhaust themselves below.
As I scan away into the far distance beyond,
One grand scene after another seems to respond;
He's piled the mountains up as temple towers,
Clothing them from bottom to top with shrubs and flowers;
Below outstretched plains and sweeping valleys there be
With vast rivers winding their way to the sea,
As their turbid waves roll on like as thunders roar,
While small rock-lashed streamlets into their bosoms pour,
They wind on and on and pour themselves into the sea,
And there forever loose their grand identity.
The grand, superb and adored mounts and vine clad hills,
With the curling smoke from the surrounding domicils,

A vista as sublime as any in Switzerland,
Or as any are by the winds of heaven fanned ;
A scene as grand as the waves of the rolling sea,
Or as the great tumbling falls of Mon Morenci ;
A beautiful scene woven so neatly together,
It to describe, I can make no more endeavor ;
No language have I by which to speak its praise,
I can but in wonder and admiration gaze.
With foliage baptized with sparkling crystal dew,
Whos vapor paints the clouds with rainbow hues,
The outstretched valleys with their adorned vine clad trees,
Could not help the most prosaic eye to please :
As on their impassionable beauties I gaze
I am thrilled with a wild intoxicating blaze.
And now the dawning light from the east begins to play
To drive the mists of gloom and of darkness away ;
The King of Day has thrown his golden gate open wide,
And is coming forth in his grand majestic pride ;
His blazing face with admiration I behold,
Like as a new made world in to creation rolled,
Like as a new made world just emptied from his mould ;
Floating the ether seas like as a ship of gold ;
He cometh forth, like as a strong man to run a race,
With golden smiles ablazing from his fiery face ;
His fiery blaze painting the clouds with golden bars
That hide from my view the blazing, glittering stars.
Cloudless and ever shining silver queen of night,
Her scepter, she yielded to the King of light.
I view the forest as an army in array,
As it were the stately king's coronation day ;

Attired in her habiliments of lovely green
To coronation light as universal princeless queen ;
The same is adorned with gorgeous robes, more fair
Than the noble of the earth can afford to wear.
It rivals nature, when robed in his grand attire,
While floods of light pour from the Sun's bright face of fire.
Solomon in all his glory was not decked like these,
Gorgeous green attired, scuppernong vine clad trees,
Like the luxurious vine clad trees that do grow
Away down in the out-stretched valley below.
The scene shows flowers, grand as Fancy's wish could choose
With their poly-chro-symphonious hues ;
As loved as any semidephonious flower
That was ever baptized by a summer shower,
Or as any that ever was kissed by sunbeams,
Or flooded air with flagrant aromatic streams.
They would the world's palatial garden surprise,
As they the morning zephyrs aromaticize.
Shakespeare's imagination and Milton's powers
Would fail to paint Cloudland's lovely shrubs and flowers.
Cloudland's Rhododendrons, in their full bloom,
Are as lovely as any e'er woven in Nature's loom.
Raphael, with his fine tint finishing brush,
Would fail to touch, on canvas, their exquisite blush.
If man would circumnavigate this globe around,
A more conspicuous place could not be found
From the ice-bound pole, the birth-place of the storm,
To the southern fringed lakes where Mosquitoes swarm.
Had I mind but stored with searching ideas fair,
And my tongue double burdened with dialects rare,

The glowing scene could not be told by sighs and groans,
Nor could it be hieroglyphed on well polished stones.
My tongue in telling, its voice no more can raise—
In wonder, my eyes know not where to rest their gaze.
With the scintillating eye mortal can behold
That which by no eloquent tongue can be told.
Frail man, with numbers combined, can calculate
That which no mathematician can estimate.
As you retire, thou, the potentate King of day,
Double golden blaze the clouds and send them this way.
Ye bright astrals, as ye traverse the field of Space,
Concentrate your light to this grand, auspicious place;
Pour from your revolving fountains your transparent light,
That I may scan your revolving glories to-night.
When at eve I scan Ether Ocean's mighty deep,
My mind is escorted by visions when I sleep.
On Cloudland's exalted promontory I stand
To view God's revolving glories on every hand.
By frail man, this stupenduous scene could not be sung,
If he had all the dialects chained to his tongue,
And all of Dame Nature's aid around him strung,
Including the blazing lightning thundering tongue.
Why need I any longer on this subject dwell,
When its stupenduous, luring charms no tongue can tell.
I have now climbed the height of my ambition
And humbled in the very dust is my transition.
My imagination is now drooping her wing,
Meaning thoughts to my tongue for words she fails to bring.
Oh, thou, my sluggish soul, from thy slumbers awake,
In your arduous task, first daring courage take.

If when with great gigantic thoughts my mind is strained,
Milton would sing to me of Paradise Regained;
It would enable me to wide expand my brain
To extricate them from their deep seated birth-pain.
It would long arm my imaginative powers
To cull and wide scatter my poetic flowers.
It would be to me as refreshing morning dew,
Then I could my arduous task, with pleasure, pursue.
It would impassionate and unctionize my soul,
Like as if fresh touched with a celestial coal. }
It would my perceiving, visual faculty swell
Till I could, my story, with renewed vigor tell.
It would impassionably fire all my zeal
Till I could my diction to the world reveal.
It would fructify my preparatory force,
Till I could scientifically run my course.
It would my throbbing, forming pulsation increase
Till I could capture and clip the bright golden fleece.
It would put my imagination in a frame,
And torch afresh my pre-deliberating flame.
It would my preconceived aspiration arouse,
Till I could fulfill all my dedicative vows.
It would stretch my searching, pioneering ken,
And help me my sesquipedalian thoughts to pen.
It would be to me a grand propellatory -
To help me scan the untrodden heights of glory.
It would lengthen my precontemplating reign,
And help me my dilucidations to explain.
It would fertilize my mystic anthology
To sketch my troubadourmonodiology.

As Milton has passed beyond Jordan's mystic brook,
For his assistance in my strain I need not look ;
With the voiceless, slumbering dead he's passed away,
And hushed in silence, long since, is his well strung lay.
His ravishing voice man no more will ever hear,
And the ear no more his inspiring song will cheer.
As on Milton's inspiring song I can not rely,
I will look to Him who has a never slumbering eye.
Will not me, the Eternal Jehovah allow,
On Him call for illuminating wisdom now?
Will not He, that has in my mind such wonders wrought,
Flower it afresh with phantasmagoria thought? ✓
If I could all my wonder thoughts together bring,
I'd venture far out on Fancy's wide-spread wing.
If, as Moses, I'd drunk at inspiration's spring,
I would then of Milton's slumbering ashes sing.
Now, feathered songsters of the surrounding, draw near
And let me all your sweet inspiring voices hear.
Hail though merry songsters of the celestial choir!
May the melody of your harps my soul inspire.
The altitude of my subject I could not meet
With the wisdom of all the world around my feet ;
I can only in sublime admiration gaze,
My intoxicated tongue cannot speak thy praise.
Mortal man can behold on one inquiring sight,
What philosopher's fancy, magic pen can't write.
No wild picture that genius has ever planed
Can sketch the overpowering beauties of Cloudland.
If I could speak with voices of silver trumpet loud,
I'd tell of Cloudland's glorious tinted, sun-set cloud ;

I would try my imaginative powers to reach,
To form its impassioned vast in to speech ;
Then my canvas in the elements I would rear,
The loveliness with all my soul to declare.
I would then engage the voice of the passing storm,
If it could help me my arduous task to perform.
I would then call on the revolving stars on high,
If I could, with their bright light, my needs supply.
Never on them can I call, and I have no skill
My hopes, most sanguine expectations to fulfill.
Nor has the world endowed genius on which to call,
By which could I venture its description at all.
So I'll leave its indescribable, untarnished glow
To be sketched and told by the first passing rainbow,—
God's covenanted bow, which He paints on the cloud
That tells, "By deluge no more the world shall be plowed."
Cloudland's vermilion tinted, clouded evening pride
Is like sapphire thrones floating in their foaming tide.
The sun painted clouds on the sky is richly scrolled,
And unfurled with bars striped as banners of gold.
I must desist from my task with views unexpressed,
With modulating thoughts a struggling in my breast.
When vicious storms and clouds on Cloudland parade,
The scene is as awful as the Swiss Straw-bridge cascade
As when the storm drives her tumbling falls in to spray,
And hides from mortal view the cheerful blaze of day ;
The spray forms in to a cloud and shuts out the light,
And turns bright day into the gloominess of night.
God's out-stretched canopy is a great affair,
But nothing to what is yet unseen to compare.

Why should frail, transient things swell my immortal soul
When in the blazing judgment fires they'll surely roll?
How wonderful and overpowering is the thought
That in to judgment all mortal kind will be brought.
All these things, as vapor, swiftly pass before me
When, by faith, the crucified living Christ I see.
Oh, thou, Mighty! with Thee have I come to converse,
And the plenitude of Thy goodness to rehearse.
There is no mortal, living being who is near,
So I call on Heaven's celestial host to hear.
Hear thou mighty Heaven, and thou earth, you be still,
While I hear the object of my mission fulfilled.
Ye lofty, heavenly, glory kissed souls on high,
Lend to me a listening ear, I do loudly cry.
Ye four and twenty elders, that surround the Throne,
Let me to you, my wonderous mission here make known.
Ye ministering angels pass and usher near here
And lend me your listening ear when you draw near.
Ye ministering angels, your harps tune and double string,
And let me teach you one grand song to play and sing;
A song to play on your harp's double golden string
As you sit around Life's eternal gurgling spring.
Ye lofty piled-up mountains, do your faces veil,
While I, the majesty of my subject detail.
If the everlasting, eternal God, my prayer would hear,
Why not his creatures lend me a listening ear?
Oh, thou, escorting Spirit, guide my hand and pen,
And my pre-deliberating and scanning ken.
Away back in the cycles of past duration,
God called together a counsel of convocation;

It was to inquire on what fashion, or what plan
[The plan of creation] to form the mortal man.
The counselling concourse, it would but seem to me,
Would be the everlasting, unbeginning Three.
The Heaven and Earth, in the past, God created,
As is in His Word of inspiration stated ;
He spake the mighty word and it was instantly done,
Then came the vast cosmic astrals with the Sun.
In the East of Eden, planted he a garden there,
And set it in shrubs, with brooks clear and flowers rare.
In that garden He placed the original pair
That they might dress it and their offspring bear.
Man sinned and Jesus Christ became his debtor,
And through His atonement, God makes good better.
Death had her rayless, tenebrous banner unfurled,
Then Adam and Eve were from Eden's bowers hurled ;
Then through-out the Universe's limitless scope
Lost man wandered without a single ray of hope.
The most ravishing stupenduous calling word
That either man or angel ever spoke or heard,
Was the greatest word ever spoken or said :
"That the woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head.
Jesus Christ left Heaven's celestial Throne,
And trod, for man, the wrath of God's wine-press alone.
Amazing condescension of the Son of God,
The wrath of God's wine-press, alone, for man He trod.
From Bozrah came He with dined garments in red,
And with the Eternal, for man's redemption, plead.
The Jehovah begun His work of creation
Back in the by-gone cycles of duration.

He created the out-stretched Heavens and Earth,
And by His Word, everything obtained their birth;
For by the Word of the Lord were the Heavens made,
And the host of them, by the breath His mouth it is said.
As the mighty orbs began to revolve in Space's field,
Then was His transpicious light to them revealed.
Just the beginning of the revolving of the Spheres,
Then begun to flow from Duration's fount Time's years.
Duration was an impregnable mountain
When Time commenced to flow from her as a fountain;
When the original pair were in Eden's garden placed,
Before their pure souls, by transgression, were defaced.
Adam knew God by direct communication,
'And by His promulgating manifestation;
But the instructions of Jehovah they impugned,
And themselves and posterity into ruin they plunged.
They yielded to the suggestion of the Devil,
And brought themselves down to his level.
God gave man a law by which he was to abide,
And when he sinned, the law could not be set aside.
Man, from his primitive state, by transgression fell,
And made himself and posterity subjects of Hell.
But God, through Christ, gave to man a probation,
And Jesus Christ became his propitiation.
Faith, in the Lord Jesus Christ, is the medium
By which man's salvation through Christ to God must come.
Christ, into the world for man's redemption, was sent,
And became the Jehovah of the Old Testament.
Man has no assurance of his salvation,
Without he knows his faith meets with God's approbation.

Jehovah's pre-arranged redeming, sovereign plan,
Then Jesus Christ took on himself the living form of man.
In Jesus Christ, the God Head, is embodied,
And by him the field of Space were stroded.
He died and was sepulchred, and rose from his grave
That He might, men from the pit of damnation, save.
Man is exalted far above his primitive state,
By passing through Regeneration's narrow gate.
God is the great hyper-physical, all in all,
On whom man for free-salvation, through Christ, must call.
God in His concilliating pre-consideration
Arranged through Christ, for man, final restoration.
He is "Alpha and Omega," the first and the last,
Pervading duration, present, future, and past.
On the spanless celestial ball, man, too, can dwell
And cast his anchor for beyond the chasm of hell.
Faith is the immeasurable golden linked chain
That stretches over the incomprehensible main
And fastens its anchor with that within the vale
That life's fleet ship may to the port of glory sail.
He is the super-pre-consubstantiation
Of man's restoration and final salvation.
Oh, God, as thou hast piled this mighty mountain up,
Hold to my lips Salvation's blood purified cup.
Oh, God, spread thy pavillion as a tent around,
And may thy Spirit's blazing light my soul surround.
While under Thy pavillion's folds I am bowed
Move from Thy countenance the intervening cloud.
I put the shoes off of my unmerciful feet,
While I implore Thy grace at Thy mercy seat.

Didst thou, in ages past, before Moses stand
As he trod the wilderness to the Promised Land?
Didst thou not to him on Mount Sinai appear,
When he did Thy lightning see and thunder hear?
And have I not been formed by Thy creative hand,
And my life in my body with Thy spirit fanned?
Canst thou not, before I from this eminence go,
Show me Thyself as thou didst to Moses show?
I know that no mortal eye can live and Thee see,
Its my inner eye that desires to see Thee.
If an angel so dreadful to a prophet would be,
As to cause him to fall down dead or to flee,
Then how amazing over-powering it would be,
The mighty everlasting, eternal God to see.
Oh, God, behold the fountain of my weeping eyes,
And hear my distressing groans and modulating sighs.
Oh, behold and see how, by sin, I am distressed,
And see my throbbing heart and heaving breast.
Canst thou not, in pity, both listen and hear
The deep agonizing pleadings of Sorrrw's tear?
Do thou show to me thy glory, O, God, I cry,
And touch the hollow of my Soul's sin-crippled thigh—
On the heights of this eminence I would stay
And shout my glad soul into everlasting day;
And from here to God's glory-gemmed city, be sent
As Moses from the lofty heights of Nebo went
After he had ascended Nebo's heights and scanned
The glory and grandeur of the long sought Promise Land.
I would then modulate and doubly string my lyre,
And go up as Elijah in a chariot of fire.

Do, thou Sovereign, probe and heal my Adamic sore,
And thy great salvation to my soul restore;
Do thou make my whole nature, spotless, pure and white,
As pure as any in thy scintillating sight.
Do make me as pure as the fountain of thy love
That flows from thy Throne's pellucid fountain above.
Bid the glory of the bedazzling light to shine,
To radiate this benighted soul of mine.
When Temptation's fiery thunders 'round me roll,
May thy sustaining grace fortify my soul.
Do, Thy love emblazon on my soul afresh to-day,
And start me, with more zeal, on the Celestial way.
Oh, God, while at the threshold of thy courts I bow,
I shall make to Thee my solemn, dedicative vow.
Help me, oh, thou, Eternal God, duty mine to do,
And be to Thee and myself, both just and true.
Oh, thou, Mighty, I fear Thee on this awful spot,
And surely I do fear them that fear Thee not;
And I fear my wicked, sinful self more than all,
If I am lost, by my own actions shall I fall,
For sure I am my own worst enemy I can tell
Between the canopy of Heaven and the border of Hell.
If I chance to plow Damnation's fiery main,
It will be me who guided and directed the reign;
I have not God, the Devil, not Hell to blame
For fueling for me Damnation's fiery vein.
By faith, man is anchored to God's almighty throne
With Heaven's cable fastened to the Soul's white stone.
The old Imp of Hell, Satan, could not cut it loose,
Unless man would stop to consult his flag of truce.

Between two eternities poor man is suspended,
Only by himself could the cable be rended.
Man has several strange natures in his breast,
And it seems, in peace together, they cannot rest.
It seems, in man's breast, are some opposing things
That wells-up like strong opposing springs.
There is a warfare from the cradle to the grave,
The good part always trying the bad part to save.
In the morning when I rise, to myself I say,
Surely I will serve God with all my might to-day;
Then before the Sun goes down in the far-off West,
I've had more than a thousand combats in my breast.
Man has judgment, spirit, soul and reason. Why,
With Will, what can imagination, with them all, descry?
One will say to the other, you are doing wrong,
The other will say, your going to Hell headlong.
When all these commotions seem to be at rest,
Man can curse Him in his dreams, by whom he's been blest.
Mortal can, without moving hand, foot, or tongue,
Blaspheme Him by whom he was into being brung.
Judgment sits on the Throne and tells us what to do,
"King Reason" points with his scepter,—man must pursue.
Man's personality is an invisible thing,
It is hard for him, it, into subjection bring.
All these natures and obstacles he could not move
Without his indomitable Will would, it, approve.
Will has built temples with golden sky-pierced spires,
And has trod to destruction, kingdoms and empires.
He has tumbled rock-ribbed adamantine mountains,
And changed the channels of both rivers and fountains.

All of man's natures, one drop of blood could not spill
Without the consent of lieutenant general Will.
All of man's propensities on Will would have to call
Ere there could be any development at all.
General Will would have to give his full consent
Before the bow for shooting the arrow could be bent.
Sanctified Reason is the pilot of the soul,
But indomitable Will, o'er all, has control.
A greater general their banners never unfurled,
Nor stood tip-toe high on the rotundity of the world.
When man has indomitable Will, there is a way
To hold principalities and powers at bay.
To man himself, is an unacquainted stranger,
And to himself, he is in the greatest danger.
It does seem the further with myself I go,
The more of my sinful self I seem to know.
Man by internal latent volition, is run
As the internal gaseous heat propels the Sun.
Every creature in the mighty Heavens and earth
Is moved by the principles they received at their birth:
From the smallest mite that floats on the liquid breeze,
To the loftiest world that floats the ether seas.
In forming the foundation of my grand prelude,
In my discourse to various things I shall allude.
The import of my views, original shall be,
As the laughing chatless waves of the heaving sea.
I'll try to express in my deliberation,
My tautology of God's terrene creation.
I'll fail to give my views of orb mythology
Geographically with man's symptomothology,

Nor with his meaningless misrepresentation,
Nor with his misdirected exaggeration.
To no mortal my theology will I adhere,
I will give my simple views as they to me occur.
My views from the word of inspiration are germed,
And by reason and common sense are they affirmed.
I will give my views in a rhyming allegory
Of God's cosmic worlds and His kingdoms of glory.
This great nation shall also claim my attention,
For sure she will descend from her high ascension.
If like ancient prophets I could prophecy,
Then like Jeremiah I could weep and cry.
Then if my eyes were fountains I would weep and mourn
And tell sinners what God, in his word, has sworn.
Since the world, created by Deity, has been,
He has scourged many nations and empires for sin.
I see the proud nation in wealth and sin sailing,
I then see her humbled glory in the dust trailing;
I hear, in the far distance, God's chariots rumbling,
In the future her cities will be down tumbling.
The proud nation upheaving and 'tumbling will be,
When volcanoes gush up in the midst of the sea.
Listen, ye erring sons of the Adamic race,
While I your iniquities and transgressions trace.
You'r going hellward, with brakes off, rumbling down hill,
With Iniquitie's cup well nigh drunk to the fill;
With the throttles of your chariots pulled open wide,
That soon or late will plunge Gehenna's rolling tide.
Anti-Christ has his great army marshalled in line,
With whoredom and whisky inscribed on his ensigh;

Our rulers, the souls of loyal subjects will sell,
For revenue, to populate the realms of Hell.
In the United State's capitol, I am told,
There are two saloons where whisky is bought and sold.
The harman keeps stabled the devil's fiery steed,
To send our Congressmen to Hell at breakneck speed.
They would rob the world of all her sacred good,
And draw down the angels from above if they could.
They would dethrone the Sovereign of the universe,
And turn every blessing of peace in to a curse.
At Heaven's propitious cheering smiles they spurn,
And the world into pandemoniums they'd turn.
The posionous bane of the intoxicating cup,
Is curse enough to swallow any nation up.
How can our rulers in Heaven expect to dwell,
When they tolerate what sends millions down to Hell.
Trembling in equipoise is God Almighty's scales,
For the oppression of the poor, their sighs and wails.
The mighty everlasting God who rules the skies,
Says, "For the oppression of the poor he will arise."
Vast millions of families have been broken up
By the awful curse of the intoxicating cup.
They have been turned out over this wide world to roam,
With only Hell in view for a future home.
They are turned out broken hearted; their souls are pained,
Their cheeks, with Sorrow's many bitter tears, are stained.
They're out to tread the cold hearted world around,
Till they turned to mingle with the dust of the ground.
(By nature man is free and he is equal born,
But oft times by oppression he is badly horned.

A youth was never born with a saddle on his back,
Stern task-master's doubly heavy burdens to pack.)
Homeless and friendless they wander from place to place,
With every passing breeze whispering their disgrace.
When we trace the question to its intrinsic cause,
It's found in the form of the constitutional laws.
The vices o'er all nations have been sown,
From the lowest hovel even to the highest throne.
At the Judgment, awful will be the condition,
I say of those who defeated prohibition.
The Southern uncrowned king, the whisky men inspired,
Its non-defeat at his hand will be required.
With many another gigantic usurpation,
Will be scorpion-lashed at his last earthly station.
Poisoned with iniquity is the atmosphere,
From every quarter where mortal man can hear.
Man pouring out double distill-gall-barbed blaspheme,
From his vile throat flows a liquid, volcanic stream.
His breath flaming Hell's fuel as a furnace blast,
In whose flames he will sooner or later be cast.
By unbelievers this Nation's contract was framed,
And He that made the world, on its pages, was not named;
It has been repaired and swept away round by round,
And eventually she will be tumbled to the ground.
The coming time will prove it to have been a fraud,
And her fall will be whispered to the nations abroad.
Every nation is poisoned with its blighting bane,
And every ruler saturated with its stain.
God against them with his glittering sword will fight,
And remove the golden candlestick with its light,

They'll call for the insulted Spirit to return,
And He will in anger their intercedings spurn.
He has, in His providence, destroyed empires
With wars, black pestilences, and rolling flood of fires.
Woe unto the world with its vain fantastic fashions,
And its ungovernable and ravishing passions.
Ladies may be silk robed with jewels shining bright,
With blasted souls as black as Damnation's night;
While fine silk robes and jewels others may have none,
With pure spotless souls that would out shine the Sun.
He that has dug and channelled for the little rill,
Raises up nations and crushes them at his will.
The stench of their wickedness floats out in the air,
And it will grow and bring forth fruit somewhere.
It goes up in the mist and comes down in the rain,
And it will reproduce itself somewhere again.
By its cursed influence the world will be racked,
Without Christian vigil should the cause counteract.
It causes the destructive floods that sweep the land,
And the cyclones and storms by which the world is fanned.
It starts the nocturnal pestilences on their way,
And unsheaths the sword by which men each other slay.
The great bulk of mankind is going astray,
And are travelling down Hell's frequented Broadway.
Down the soundless depths of Chaos' night,
Whose depths will ne'er be penetrated by rays of light,
To low depths where thought's plummet will never reach,
While Duration's waves sing on Eternity's beach.
Oh, that I had fiery tongues with jewels and gems rare,
Then I would my views with words of wisdom declare.

I would weave a web of thought on Fancy's mystic loom
That all the world could not decipher nor consume.
But there's no words by which I can my thoughts express,
Like floating bubbles on a stream, they're meaningless.
Sumptuous words to express my thoughts I have none,
Nor, as Joshua, have I power to stop the Sun.
Revolution in this land is as sure to be
As Madrepores make great Coral isles in the sea.
Babylon, the great metropolis of the World,
Has been into overwhelming destruction hurled;
She tottered and went down into the mighty deep,
While the boisterous, wild waves o'er her sweep.
Babylon with her two hundred and fifty towers,
And her mountain-like gardens adorned with flowers,
With stately walls surrounding her, both wide and high,
With great spires pointing to the stars and sky.
Oh! where is all her great wealth and glory to-day?
Like Sodom and Gomorrah they have been swept away.
As emblems of God's burning wrath they will tell
That their inhabitants are burning deep in Hell.
Great cities have been swept out of sight in a day,
And their inhabitants from this world taken away.
In the black and quenchless fires of the starless world,
With the damned in Gehenna, they have been hurled.
They are engulfed in Gehenna with the out-cast,
Their excruciating pains will through-out Duration last.
Time's mighty tide with her sweeping and rolling flood
Has tinged all of her past years with crime and blood.
In Hell's dungeon, damned in the region of the lost,
They are on the ebon waves of Damnation tossed.

The great mountain-like and lashing fiery waves
Are digging deep for the lost souls undying graves.
If the lost had a chance one time more to gain
Repentance or to suffer Damnation's unquenchable flames,
They their souls, no more through-out duration, would stain,
Each faculty of the mind, for Heaven they would strain;
Through an adamant rock-ribbed mountain they'd gnaw
If an escape through it, from Damnation, they saw.
Had they a chance, Hell, by them, would be deserted,
They would then repent, believe and be converted.
But, oh, never. They are there forever to dwell
As the damned from Earth in a flaming Devil's Hell:
They had Moses and the Prophets as we've Christ crucified,
But they spurned them all as sinners do till they died.
Would man but look he could see the Nation's down-fall,
The hand-writing is penned in embryo on the wall,
As plain as when God set the wide Ocean's bounds
When she lashed the sand-beach into streaks and frowns.
On the escutcheon their sins are plainly written,
And as Babylon, soon or late, shall be smitten.
Look, and behold her wickedness and discontent,
With her designing leagues and their embezzlement.
Corporations are hoarding the Nation's treasure,
And living in idleness, luxury, and pleasure,
Withholding it from the down trodden poor,
Causing them, in sorrow, to beg from door to door.
Every tramp that treads in want over the land,
His downfall shall be required of some wretched hand.
Oh, Eternal, save the purchase of thy dear Son,
And may Thy Word be doubly glorified and run.

I would that I could pour out my prayers as fountains,
And pile them up in Hell's Broadway as great mountains,
That ere sinners could plunge Hell's dark gulf at all,
They over the cragged peaks of my prayers must crawl.
Wake up, ye Ministers, and put your armors on,
Your All is held by the great Jehovah in pawn.
You that have by the Eternal Spirit been sealed,
And have been fitted for the Gospel's harvest field.
For vast years you may itinerate, sing and pray,
Then chance, in your wind up, be caste away.
It seems to me there is something gone wrong in Dan,
For you teach not the truth on the original plan.
If the church were sifted with sifter as for wheat,
The bulk of it would be all hypocrisy and deceit.
There must be something that poisons man's very brains,
And every drop of blood that courses his veins.
The living, saving Gospel seed, you've failed to sow,
Or shoot His piercing arrow with His well strung bow.
Some of your souls are stained with your fellow man's blood
As sure as there was an antediluvian flood.
Some are who have not kept the consecrating Vow
They made to the Everlasting Eternal Now.
Jesus Christ to God is the only living way,
And he that does find, must His holy word obey.
Soon if this globe's tidal wave of sin is not checked,
The bulk of her souls on Hell's beach will be wrecked.
Iniquitous sin, I tell you, is on the increase,
The most of men are trying their fellows to fleece.
It's true, man should begin to ponder and think
Ere he would stumble o'er the never recrossed brink.

If man over this nation with his inner eye would gloar,
In the dawn he could see wonders for her in store.
He would a swift black horse and its rider behold,
With an ensign, and destruction on it plainly scrolled.
Then what good would it do for man to mourn and weep?
Would it save the Nation from a destructive sweep
As it did the vain wicked Nineveh of old,
Of whose pending destruction Jonah foretold?
As sure as hail falls from the Heavens on the ground,
And it on the housetop would make a rattling sound,
And as sure as vicious storms in destruction blow,
That sure again blood in this Nation will flow.
Blood is as sure to flow from this Nation's dead,
As ever vultures on tainted carrion fed;
And curling smoke up from her cities is sure to go,
As blood from soldiers on a battle field would flow.
Behold the striking leagues with their discontents,
And their conglomerated passions and imbranglements.
Ever fellow for himself, and the Devil for all
Will surely, soon or late, make a wonderful fall.
We are told, "When the wicked rule, the people mourn,"
And that is as plain now as if it had been sworn.
The hungry monopolies with their combined trust
Have daggers in this Nation's impoverished thrust.
They would, to quench their burning thirst for gain,
Monopolize the bright sunshine, air, dew and rain,
Then take everything, if they could, from the poor,
And make fertilize of them to enrich their store.
Have not Egyptian tombs been robbed of their dead
To fertilize the grain on which nobles are fed?

Unjust laws with sectional discrimination
Are enough to overthrow any vile nation.
"A nation divided against itself cannot stand,"
When by sectional strife it is continually fanned,
With intrinsic frauds and adulterations, ¹¹¹
And with an innumerable host of trucidations.¹
See how many cold blooded murders are committed,
The guilty unpunished, and the orphans unpitied.
There is some one looking on now, I would state,
"His way is in the sea, and His path in waters great."
What good to mortals would be great mountains of gold
When the obsequious death-toned bell is tolled?
In the future, will God raise ministers to preach,
The ways of righteousness and holiness to teach.
Man may wander along life's great thoroughfare,
But he must take wise, decisive step somewhere.
There is a moment in man's life he will have to yield,
Or for the pit of damnation he will be sealed.
There is a time in man's life when he must comprehend,
There is more than worldly labors for him to attend.
There is a path in life that is traveled by men,
They will come at a time they'll know exactly when.
When man crosses the strange and mysterious path,
Then God's forbearing mercy swiftly turns to wrath.
By God's convicting spirit, man is deeply horned
Ere he can be in the Spiritual Kingdom born.
Every mortal by whom this fatal path is crossed,
It will him, Hell's fierce pains, throughout duration, cost.
Whomsoever beyond this fatal path is borne,
The wrath of God Almighty is against him sworn.

When man is convinced of sin and does not yield,
He'll never, by Heaven's saving spirit, be sealed.
The religion of Jesus Christ, no mortal has ever got,
I maintain, but what he can tell the time and spot.
Man, with Sinai's thunders, is always shaken up
Before he drinks from Life's regenerating cup.
Man is always by Sinai's muttering thunder shook,
Ere he is by regenerating lightning struck.
The hand of doubting Thomas was never satisfied
Till the wounds of the crucified Savior he spied.
Crime is an epidemic our land must endure,
The leprosy that no physician on Earth can cure,
One sin, the rain of a thousand years would not wash out,
Including rivers, oceans, and every water-spout.
Neither could angelic tears wash stains of sin away,
If they should wash and baptize till the Judgment day.
The merit of Christ on faith and repentance alone
Is the way by which man may for his sins atone;
Then practical good works are as sure to follow,
As the sow that was washed returns to the wallow.
In Constantinople where Christian light used to shine,
Mohammedanism has unfurled her ensign.
After an independence of a thousand years,
Venus forsook her faith for captive's bitter tears.
They have but ignorant superstition to show,
Where Christianity flourished centuries ago.
Where the Cæsars used to wield the sceptre of State,
Their grandeur with their glory is now desolate.
Where with towering eloquence they would orate,
Now over their rostrum's foundations owls debate.

Their architectural magnificence is forgot,
And where they were entombed, no man can tell the spot,
For the catacombs that sepulcher their royal bones
Are unlocated with their foundation stones.
Where was Alexander with his courageous will
When he subdued the World's great empires with his skill?
When he found there was no more human gore to spill,
Then his remains, how many tombs think ye they fill?
After conquering and subduing the world he wept,
Because worlds, there were no more on which he might step.
The path of eternal life no one will ever find
While there is a shadow of doubt left in his mind.
Man's faith must as strong as his own existence be,
E'er, by faith, the invisible Christ he could see.
This age is living in the fierce hot beds of mirth,
And revelling on the high places of the earth.
Put away whisky from this Nation, man's great foe,
And but few criminals to the dungeons will go.
Firm on the rock of Christ, Jesus' ministers should stand,
And wield a two edged sword on ever hand.
This Nation's tidal wave of sin rolls mountain-high,
And her wickedness will be swept into Hell, by and by;
There in Hell's black, fathomless vortex they will go,
Like arrows shot from the Eternal's well-strung bow.
Millions are in the church, but living in the dark,
Whose souls have ne'er been lit by the promethean spark.
When man's soul is on the beach of Eternity cast,
Its doom is as changeless as the Eternal past.
When from my vision's peerless summit I behold
The orbs floating in ether seas like ships of gold.

Their out-stretched grandeur I now survey,
As they revolve in their circle majestically.
When I view the grandeur of the canopied scroll,
Their swelling emotion fills my eager, longing soul
With God's panoramed and encyclopædia —
Of the amphitheatre world spread before me.
He stretched out his chromatic sceptre element,
And his revolving blazing orbs, he swiftly sent.
Pouring lucent specious poly-chromatic light,
As around their central source they play day and night.
The everlasting God, the benevolent Sire,
Fills His uncircumscribed universal empire;
And is the intrinsic substantiationness,
And is the quintessence of all essentialness.
He is the World's foreseeing originator,
And His own pre-existing, counselling dictator.
He did from Duration, His existence possess,
From the plenipotentiary of his greatness.
He pre-existed anterior to Time's advent,
Ere his creation in Chaos had made its rent.
Long before the beginningless ever begun,
Existed Jehovah's endless Spirit and Son.
He is the subtrium trans-substantiation,
And the pre-ordainer of man's salvation.
He is the intrinsic changeless substantiation
Of his own unalterable administration.
He possesses his unbeginning inherent nature
From the tribunal of His own adjudicature.
From everlasting to everlasting, God, Thou art,
Without a beginning or commencing start.

He has meted out the heavens like as a span,
And measured the waters in the hollow of His hand;
Life living existence to all things that do live,
He giveth forth as the bounty of his prerogative.
I've located this universe and mapped its line,
Beyond, in Duration, where light will never shine;
Immeasurably beyond where light has ever sped,
Where no travelling Thought's foot-steps will ever tread;
Far immeasurably beyond the realms of day,
Where Light's golden tinted shadows will never play;
Where no flaming seraph will ever spread its wing,
Nor open, on her verge, its sacred mouth to sing.
Strange to mortal man may be my anthology,
As it agrees not with the world's mythology;
For their paradoxical views are so incorrect
That no substantial thoughts from them can man select.
If man would my views mathematically weigh,
He would have nothing of them derogative to say.
They say there was a time when something was not,
And something in to existence from nothing got.
If vague nonentity could life or being take,
Why not vast millions of God's nonentity make?
How could something from nothing start into being
Without some pre-comprehensive sense of seeing?
The existence of God, the Deity, never begun,
And the pre-existing counsel, Jehovah, had none.
How could, from vague nonentity, something be made
Without some super-Divine pre-creative aid?
Nothing in the Universe could begin to be
Without some originality that could fore-see.

Could nothing make something when there was no space,
Neither time nor a start for a beginning place?
There was no time in Duration when God was not,
And the Expanse, His unbeginning garden spot.
There was never a time when His existence begun,
For He is an everlasting, shining Sun.
The "Great I Am" never begun to be,
And He has always filled His vast immensity.
So the Expanse by Himself, could not have been made,
When He filled it Himself, without another's aid.
If the great Expanse by "Great I Am," had been made,
Then while He was creating it, where could He've staid?
He existed and filled the Universe entire,
And was Sovereign of His unbeginning empire;
And was the everlasting primordail source;
And was behind and before every other force.
His unimagined, unbeginning existence was
Without the pre-existing shadow of a cause.
The great Eternal God, "I Am," of Duration,
Is as viewless as the circuit of gravitation:
Or, is as unvailible as the human soul,
Or that which points the magnetic needle to the pole.
More veiled than the viewless wings of the winds that blow,
That tells not from whence they came or whither they go.
I claim there was no time in the past unknown
That God was not sceptered on his burning throne.
Man talking of making something from nothing is vain,
Something without soil, substance, sunshine, or rain;
Without father or mother, Life's spark to impart,
Only from vain nothingness to make a start;

Without an inclination, desire, or sight,
To make and blaze all the worlds with flaming light.
He that could to all living existence impart,
Would have to be one without a beginning start.
Could nothing make lightning with fiery wings, fly
With belching thunders as hurtled on Sinai?
Could nothing toss the tall gigantic mountains up,
And scoop out the great trough of the sea as a cup?
Could a void make the sparkling stars in Space's fields
That revolve in Space like chariot wheels?
The "Great I Am" hath immortality
Dwelling in light, which no man hath seen nor can see;
Nor will man's eyes, His Greatness ever see
Throughout the timeless length of vast Eternity.
I claim, no flaming archangel's eye has ever viewed
More than the ~~shirt~~ of God's flaming similitude.
Who could see the transcendent light of His flaming face
When He fills the boundless scope of infinite Space?
He that could the great Greatness of Jehovah see
His eyes must torch black Chaos' immensity;
His pioneering, penetrating eye must trace
Throughout the unexplored realms of trackless Space.
Man, before he can delineate my sublime theme,
Must ponder deep Predeliberation's soundless stream.
He must Inspiration's apocalypse consult
Ere he could finally tell future Event's result.
He must scrutinize the annals of Inspiration,
Ere he could achieve my pre-considerations.
Deciphered, my views could be, by no sprinkling priest,
Unless his prelustration should be greatly increased.

When touched with poetic fire was my stammering tongue,
Then down to future ages, I, my numbers flung.
I would that I could with my ingeniousness reach,
To systemize my thoughts into words of speech.
If I could, with the throb of my pulsating heart,
Glowing robes of thought to my mystic speech impart;
Then with sonorous perceptions, I would not disguise,
But express my struggling thoughts with my seeing eyes.
I would them, in eloquent words, weep and pour out,
And try to gush them from my blood-veins in a spout.
If I had a Hercules, like an electric lung,
I'd hurl them as fiery thunderbolts, from my tongue;
And try my great thoughts through my pores to perspire,
And offer myself away, as words, in flames of fire.
I would then offer myself in a blazing prayer,
And ascend in majesty, Heaven's golden stair.
As sunbeams, the bright, morning dew, away would kiss,
I'd flame up in the everlasting realms of bliss.
If I could, in my wide, scanning researches, find
The embodiment of all true wisdom combined;
If then I were anointed with the skill of the wise,
I would then with philosophers philosophize.
I would promulgate my mystic, searching views,
To broad empires, as morning crystal, diamond dew.
I would hold them up to the four winds that blow,
That they, to the uttermost extent of Earth, might go;
Then in glowing characters, I'd inscribe my name
Far above the great untrodden mountain-peaks of fame.
Above their peerless peaks I'd inscribe it, so high
That no storm-driven cloud could' o'er it, ever fly;

Where no soaring Condor, in her peering flight,
Would ever ascend her sky-pierced, heaven kissed height.
I would inscribe it far above the lightning flash,
And high above the echoing sound of thunder crash.
It would star-deck far above the clouds and sky,
Far away beyond the kenning search of mortal eye.
By faith I'd pen it in God's summer land of bliss,
Where flaming, bedazzling souls of all nations, kiss.
Where Heaven's halleluiahs, hosannah strains,
Vibrate and echo down the celestial plains ;
Where they pour their notes around God's golden throne
In sweet strains, more loud than seven fold thunder tone.
Where blood, snow-white-washed of all empires si found,
With Christ, serving them with manna all around.
My name on Eternity's archived pages was booked,
When by a seeing faith on the living Christ, I looked ;
Then under the shadow of my monument's flame,
My views as a philosopher, I would proclaim.
Now in my unslumbering energy, I will express
My simple views with all of my life's earnestness.
Mortal man, has superstitious views entertained,
Ever since, by transgression, his soul was stained ;
Away back in the ancient past in years of old,
We had seers and prophets who the truth fortold.
Then we had philosophers that were as a scroll,
With views as diversified as the leaves that fall.
They have been philosophising and formulæing,
And their cosmic views to the world, have been stating.
In antiquity they had superstitious men,
With corrupt views and short anticipating ken.

If I could unbosom to the world, Wisdom's store,
I would emancipate her from superstitious lore.
In this, the nineteenth century's rolling sun,
When by steam and double power all things are run,
The unascended rostrum I propose to mount,
That I may the world's superstitions recount ;
And from the unsullied platform I propose,
Their unauthenticated errors to expose.

At their metamorphosizing, I propose to glance,
And my hypertrophic views to the world, I'll advance.
While on the brink of Time's fleeting epoch I stand,
And while between two eternities I am fanned,
My cosmic views to the world I propose to state,
And then, graphically, I'll try to elucidate.
It is said, God, too, existed without a cause,
When nothing ponderable nor imponderable was ;
There was not a single ray nor a spark of light,
For all was one black, rayless, unbeginning night.
In the universe entire, there was not a single breeze,
Nor a minim of cloud to float the ether seas.
And they say, that uncreated night reigned supreme,
Without, in the whole universe, a single beam :
And that only darkness filled the universe of Space,
In her every nook, corner, crevice and place.
All as black as tenebrous, sulphurous scum
That floats the vaulted gulf of pandemonium ;
As black as the lost soul's everlasting fright,
When confined and doubly caverned-damned out of sight.
As black as adamanthus, double woven cloud,
As when it is by vicious bolts of thunder plowed.

The black, unsurmountable, tenebrous night,
Was too compact to be penetrated by rays of light.
They say there was a time back in Duration beyond,
When only darkness did to nothing respond.
How this darkness, into the place of light, its being got,
Is an astounding mystery that I fathom not.
A mystery that is as difficult out to find,
As that of the unbeginning, uncreated Mind.
This uncreated darkness, is something, I would say,
Sure, it was more than a black point opposite to day.
This pre- uncreated darkness, was embryoed
From its everlasting, unbeginning abode.
From black, conglomerated, uncreated night,
Came the immeasurable blazing worlds of light.
Infantile worlds, back in Duration's dismal gloom,
Were embryo-embeded in Chaos' womb.
When they were brought from their chaotic birth-pains,
They were then hurled out in Space's broad, endless plains.
Then by God's great natural law of attraction,
They were hurled in Space and revolved in action.
By gravitation in their circuits are they held,
And by gas and internal heat are they propelled.
In creating, God spake the Word and it was done,
Then came forth the blazing Astrals, Orbs, Moon and Sun.
God only had to speak His potent word, "Create,"
To bring them forth from their etymonucleous state.
By the Eternal, the mighty worlds were framed,
And by His God-Head omniscience they were flamed.
Philosophers have brought every means to bear,
Searching deep in the Earth and high in ether air,

That they might the component parts of matter state,
And its vague origin to the world communicate.
Yet in this effort they've not been able to scan,
That they seek will ne'er be kenned by mortal man.
Every faculty of their nature they have bent,
To find matter in the microcosm rudiment.
One philosopher doubts another's view, others deny,
When another would explain and give his reasons why.
And for ages they have been matriculating,
And with each other have been gstriculating.
To God's greatness it would not be derogatory,
Nor impair His tribunal judicious glory;
Nor in no way be to Him a limitation,
To say that matter existed from all duration.
Matter in the universe with God, co-existed,
Because the "Eternal, All in All," existed.
In the scope that sweeps all immensity around,
The material for the countless worlds was found.
There'll be no more substance when the last world is made,
Than when the first cosmic foundation was laid.
There'll be as much substance when the worlds are burned,
As when they first on their revolving axes turned.
In conflagration, matter will attenuate,
And coagulate back into its original state.
They say they have solved the vexing problem at last,
And the approaching future they have now forecast.
They claim to have mastered the problem of the spheres,
That has vexed the world for more than a thousand years.
Our modern philosophers would think and would say
They've problemized the rolling spheres in their sway.

They say out in Nebulae, not even out of sight,
That God is making worlds in the range of day light.
There is a dim cluster of stars that man can see,
They claim to be the great work-shop of Deity.
They claim the foundation of worlds are laid,
And that the bulk of them is fashioned and made.
Some dull mortals talk of the great Eternal's skill,
As having a great work-shop, hammer and anvil.
If God does make worlds in the blazing range of day,
He makes them not in the ancient, original way.
Light to no new, cosmic world is ever revealed
Till hurled from Chaos' state into Space's field.
This globe, when made, was by darkness surrounded,
Then it was in an other sense than by water drowned.
The invisibles of which the foundations is laid,
Are being understood by the things that are made.
All visibles are made of invisible things,
As viewless as the storm's raging, destructive wings;
Made of things far beyond the eye's kenning reach,
Of germed darkness, out on Space's dreary beach.
They say that fifteen hundred stars they could trace,
In three hundred years, have left the field of Space.
They say if Sirius should leave his abiding place,
And sail through the immeasurable field of Space,
And sail twelve million miles per minute, his flight,
And travel for ten thousand years, both day and night;
That at the close of his ten thousand year's race,
They could still track and see his bright, blazing face.
If now he should leave, his light would shine on
For vast years after he should depart and be gone.

Now in ten thousand years, how could they Sirius track,
When it would take his light that long to reflect back?
He would reflect no light back to us in his rear,
Till he would settle down from his flying career.
If they find Sirius after his ten thousand year's race,
Why not some of those lost fifteen hundred stars trace?
The fifteen hundred have gone beyond their trail,
When they have had but three hundred years to sail.
Yet they claim that Sirius would still remain in sight,
After a flight of ten thousand years, day and night.
Among trillions of stars how could man, Sirius tell,
Among more than the rain drops that has ever fell?
In their bombast, scientific philosophy,
There's no reasoning sense man can plainly see.
Science is a great dazzling, superficial dim,
In which hydra-headed monsters delight to swim;
In the bosom of her soundless whirlpool they've sailed,
And cosmic astral mythology they have trailed.
Before they sound Science's fathomless deep,
The wild waves o'er their pitiless barque will sweep.
They have exhausted all of their natural powers
In analyzing Science's mystic flowers.
When I fathom one mysterious truth obscure,
Then a thousand more my inquiring mind allure.
If man can not the least problem accurately solve,
How can he tell how the constellations revolve?
When through the immeasurable, unknown I sweep,
I find wonders entombed beyond Thought's reachless deep.
When we glance back in the ancient past, we see
Superstitious whims mixed with all antiquity.

Every anthroposopher has had his bleak views,
Till they are as diversified as the morning dews.
For thousands of years there have no worlds been made
In the range of any telescope that ever was laid.
If God made this great globe in four days and nights,
With the Sun, Moon, and vast attending satelites;
If now He makes worlds in the grasping range of day,
For six thousand years, has He not gone far away.
There are many things taught that ought not to be learned,
And the books that contain them should be burned.
Surely, out of common sense, ought man better to teach,
Than to say that worlds are made in telescope reach.
In an other discourse I show where worlds are made,
Where they have, from Duration, in Chaos laid.
God making worlds from nothing, who has ever heard!
It is not that way stated in His written word.
From His Holy Word of Inspiration, we hear,
The things seen are made from things that do not appear.
Had He made the orbs from nothing, He would have said,
The things that do now appear, were from nothing made.
The things that do not appear, it is not stated,
Of which the world was made, that they were created.
Adam's body He made from the dust of the ground,
And a start for Eve's body in Adam's side He found.
Christ made not something from nothing while on Earth,
From His lowly cradle to His resurrecting birth.
Sure that which was made was increased and multiplied,
Just as He stilled the boisterous sea's rolling tide.
He blushed the Galilee water into sparkling wine.
And increased the loaves and fishes on the same line.

Sure all things by Jesus Christ, God has created,
All things as they are in his Holy Word stated.
So it is an established fact, as the A, B, C,
That something was unmade from all eternity.
Man need not wander out in the dark astray,
When Reason's blazing torch shines on his path-way.
When man ventures out in the field of literature,
He has the world's criticizing kicks to endure.
The critic, with his keen and penetrating eye,
May many errors in my plain simple views descry.
A great many strange things in man's mind will revolve,
When a difficult problem he is striving to solve.
For ages, wonderful have been the efforts of man,
To discover something of God's creative plan.
Mother Earth to her deep terrene rock have they probed,
In their researches they have her carcass disrobed;
They have tried her dim, mystic, archived leaves to turn,
That they might something of her wonder secrets learn.
By no mortal has her alphabet yet been learned,
Nor yet has her first hieroglyphic leaf been turned.
Unlearned is yet her dim metagrammatism, —
With all her cosmic, alluring mysticism.
Science, in unveiling Nature's mystic wonders,
Has made many multiplied mistaken blunders.
The poor saint knows more of God with his humble store,
Than the world philosopher with all his learned lore.
Over the world's encyclopædia man may pour,
And gather all their long accumulated store;
But God's mysteries to man will never be revealed,
Till he is by His super-natural Spirit sealed.

When man is by the Super-natural taught,
He then launches out in the boundless realms of thought;
Then when the Universe is before his vision brought,
Then his mind will germ, bud, and blossom into thought.
When God touches man's intuitive, golden wire,
Then with the Super-natural He tunes his lyre.
No man, the greatness of the Super-natural, can express
The Almightyness of His incomprehensibleness.
It torches man's soul with predeliberation,
And illumines his senses in impersonation.
When God gives super-natural demonstrations,
He then supplies his mind with subministrations.
Then a thing as self knowledge to man is not known,
For wisdom comes from Him that's sceptred on His throne.
It is not found in a crowd with a multitude,
But it is sought and found with God in deep solitude.
Solitude is a replenishing garden spot,
Where from the Super-natural wisdom is got;
It is man's great communicating monitor,
To which his intellectual faculties adhere.
Still module prototype could man's vision know,
Till in his soul the Super-natural would flow,
It is the mystic doubly ponderous golden key,
That unlocks the treasure house of Eternity.
By it, to man, the unmeasurable is brought nigh,
And sees the invisible God by Faith's kenning eye;
Makes man search Jordan for a shallow ford,
And listen for his captain to say "All aboard."
Now to the world I will make a bold assertion—
It's only attained at and after conversion.

It is not attained by man's foolish speculation,
But by direct intuitive communication.
If vain man would the Super-natural acquire,
He must, as lightning, mount Faith's blazing steed of fire,
The Super-natural is given in man's probation,
And transcends the standard of imagination.
There is no tongue that man could possibly possess,
By which he could the Super-natural express.
Only by faith can man his lost inheritance gain,
And only that can the Super-natural explain.
Mortal man on it with words, may forever dwell,
But words will fail, and never its intrinsic worth tell.
The greatest work God for man has ever done
Since the Creation, and this mighty World begun,
Was when He revealed to mortal, undone man
Redemption's incalculable, saving plan.
In this life, no branch of knowledge is complete,
Till with the Super-natural man will meet.
Man may learn the World's encyclopædia by heart,
Then for understanding lore, he has not made a start.
When a man is taught on a super-natural line,
Then his wisdom comes from the Eternal Divine,
Then wonderful things to man's mind is revealed,
When with this unexplainable gift he is sealed.
When this gift, by mortal, is logically applied,
It will with them, throughout all duration, abide.
Nature reveals her constitutional laws,
With all other agencies that result from cause.
If man would for lofty aspirations aspire,
He must have his soul torched with super-natural fire.

Man for worldly wisdom, on human must depend,
While only God can the super-natural send.
Only for the Devil in Hell, is mortal fit,
Till by the super-natural torch he is lit.
It reveals to frail, undone mortal man,
The existence of God and His soul's saving plan.
To explain it, it is beyond the reach of thought,
It can only, by the Eternal Spirit be taught.
The Holy Gost is man's consulting dictator,
And his illuminating regenerator.
The Holy Gost is man's Divine teacher and guide,
And by it, salvation to man's soul is applied.
Would man but humble himself to take off his shoes,
He could see God in the burning bush if he'd choose.
If man would put away frivolity and strife,
He could over ride the greatest tide-waters of life.
Man knows not what he in this fleeting life can do,
Till he to his God is conscientiously true.
Man should consult every avenue of his brain,
And let himself out to the full length of his rein.
Wonders are, that stare man in the face every day,
That he will never see till God takes the veil away.
It is something that man with all his skill and art,
Could not to man for all the world's treasures impart.
By the Holy Gost man is illuminated,
And only by it can he be reinstated.
It is something that living mortals can't descry,
And is beyond the reach of reason to supply.
It is an achievement I would rather attain,
Than to be crowned king, holding an Emperor's reign,

With an imperial golden scepter in my hand,
Swaying the world's provinces at my command.
The title of philosopher, man may achieve,
And a web of wisdom-words he may weave,
And great empires he may subdue with his skill,
And the grandest positions of earth he may fill;
One is attained on a humanitarian line,
And the other by the Eternal Spirit, Divine.
The most important branch of knowledge known,
Is obtained by a system peculiar to its own.
I'd rather be wrapped in its mystic, sacred fold,
Than to own ten thousand empires strown with gold.
It is a narrow path, only by him can it be trod
Who is willing to be plunged in the ocean of God.
It is the pioneering mechanic, I would tell,
Who bridges the chasm between Heaven and Hell.
It robes man with immortality for the skies,
And makes him, Heaven's fruition, pre-surmise.
It blazes man's dark soul with a celestial vision,
Till he can see the transparent, golden Elysian.
It embodies the soul with superb attire,
And flames his whole nature with celestial desire.
The Super-natural can but be found by man
Alone, on God's established, immutable plan.
Before weak man becomes to be salvation wise,
He has Christ Jesus to individualize.
From the wise and prudent, God has hid these things,
Revealing it to them that shelter neath His wings.
It is the radiating, promethian spark,
That ushers man out of his gross Adamic dark,

And drives away from man's soul, Condemnation's night,
Doubly rainbowing it with God's effulgent light.
The Super-natural is by the spirit taught,
And is inexpressible by human word or thought.
The Super-natural baptized, blood bewashed soul,
Is more true to God than the needle is to the pole.
Appellation of "fool" in my face you may fling,
Or write "gump" on Imagination's fancy wing.
You may call me guilty, or, as innocent as a lamb,
I'll be judged by him who is the "Great I Am".
When my race is run, and I have finished my task,
I will then have no favor of mortal to ask,
Only if they can find time enough in day light
To dig a hole, and then tumble me out of sight.
If erring man can only have patience to wait
Till I come to my last etymonucleous state,
Then nothing could it possibly to me amount,
Whether the world takes my views at par or discount.
Before the roots of the greedy, absorbing trees,
Shall have eaten my bones and scattered to the breeze,
This my theory, ere my dust shall have passed away :
Will it be the settled hypothesis of its day?
We have had some great thinkers in every decade,
Who were always by the world critically weighed.
The loftiest forest trees are storm lashed more,
Than insignificant shrubs on a pebbly shore.
The gigantic, towering, storm lashed forest trees
Will stand and bring forth fruit in the stormy breeze,
When the shrubs on the pebble wave-washed shore,
Will be by freshets and floods from their mooring tore.

Some youths are shaped in Genius' favorite mold,
While others are shaped when they're gray headed and old.
A growing youth, for himself, may a path blaze out,
And travel backward and foreward on the same route.
Then after a while it would be a great thoroughfare,
Then others would like his peerless honors to wear.
There is genius passed unnoticed in every age,
That would go down Time's cycles on history's page.
Many a noble youth of man's deathless renown
In this life, never wore Glory's undying crown,
While another would put his earned crown of glory on,
After he was dead and buried beneath the lawn.
There is intellectual genius in the land,
If by chance and opportunity it could be fanned.
It would reach immeasurably far beyond I know,
The genius of Demosthens or Cicero.
Such genius would flow down Time's stream, more bright
Than the beacon on the ocean of the darkest night.
If they had but a chance to display their wise diction,
It would be more romantic than the wildest fiction.
Many start in this life, and but few take the lead,
Thousands fail, while there will only few succeed.
The most sanguine expectations they would eclipse,
And put to profound silence, wise, eloquent lips.
But every one seems for his own interest to toil,
Caring not whose intellectual genius he may spoil.
A man who in this short life would accomplish most,
Is ever found unerring and eager at his post.

* * * * *

Thou mystic, August, that does in my presence stand,
Will not Thou guide my pen with Thy unerring hand?
As Thou doest a torch for me continually hold,
May its light be as from Heaven's candlestick of gold.
Guide my pen as the tongue of a ready writer,
And on me may Heaven's torch shine brighter and brighter.
Then when ideas in my mind, by its light is fraught,
Marvelous shall be the height of my peerless thought.
Do, Thou, me now with Thy wisdom richly attire,
And touch my soul afresh with celestial fire.
With a Heaven torched tongue, burning words I'd speak,
And hurl them from my mouth like as a lightning streak.
Then as burning words from my mouth would escape,
With curtains of truth, I would them richly drape.
Do Thou, my mind with zeal richly fructify,
And with needed thoughts, do Thou me bountifully supply.
As Moses with Thy law, from the height of Sinai trod,
And his face ablazed with the presence of God,
May the samelight torch my soul as it did his face,
Till on Earth, I shall have run my entire race.
In humble acknowledgements for my gift I would state,
For it, no credit to myself do I arrogate.
May I, Oh God, not speak a word or think a thought,
Only as by thy Eternal Spirit I am taught.
To the great Jehovah, God, I give all the praise,
Who did my mind with pre-deliberation blaze.
Oh, God, I know that on Thy scales I've been weighed,
And on Thy sacred altar, I, myself have laid.
May I be able, consciously, to realize
That Thou hast accepted my humble sacrifice.

May Thy hallowed fire on my heart's alter burn,
Till my deathless spirit shall to Thy bosom return.
As I for Thy infallible wisdom aspire,
May I be fanned as with pentacostal fire.
By wonderful mysteries am I surrounded,
Till in their soundless abyss I am well-nigh cofounded.
I would that God direct my thought's wonderful reign,
That floats on the fathomless ocean of my brain;
The thought that floats the ocean wave of my brain,
I would that God's Spirit would them to me explain.
In the beginning, God the unbeginning spoke,
Then Chaos' ponderous mass of night, up was broke.
He spake from the the tribunal of His judicature,
From the omnipotence of His spontaneous nature.
Before the revolving orbs in to action got,
The light shined and darkness comprehended it not.
It does seem that so closed was darkness's gate,
That light through its closed pores could not penetrate.
Duration's darkness was so hermetically sealed,
That light through her portals could not be revealed.
I, that "I am," spoke the word and it was done,
Then in space the mighty chiming of the orbs begun.
Duration's ob-adumbrative, congealed night
Was formed into orbs and luxuriated with light.
From infinite and unbeginning Duration
Existed, dormant in Chaos, gravitation.
As magnetism would lay dormant in mineralized ore,
So lay gravitation pulseless in Chaos' store;
There from vast duration, in profound silence it lay,
Ready to start the great orbs rolling on their way.

If God filled the boundless realm of infinite Space
That, s been from unbeginning Duration His abiding place,
Does He not now fill the same boundless realm of Space,
And see it entire, without turning His face?
If there had been no place for Jehovah to have staid,
A beginning foundation He could not have laid.
God could not have made himself a place to abide
Before He was with living existence supplied.
Somewhere there must needs have been a location,
And somewhere a suitable place for a foundation.
He could not, Himself, possibly from nothing have made,
And nothing, and no place for nothing to have staid.
Does the "Great I-Am" now occupy a less station
Than He did from unbeginning Duration?
There never was a time when, in Space, God did not abide,
And that place, He could not have possibly supplied.
I maintain that His expanse is no wider to-day
Than when the mighty worlds in Space began to play.
If the Eternal, His existence from nothing got,
It must needs have been from that which was not;
Got from that which could not be, and never was,
So man sees He had to exist without a cause;
And who in this land of of the living can deny
That He did not, Space from Duration, occupy.
Could nothing from nothing, living existence take,
And could nothing, a place from nothing make?
The word "beginning" from God's Word, man can select,
Which has as much meaning as a word can reflect.
What towering, ascending imagination can
Conceive the grand inconceivable word "began,"

Chaos' night was endos-permo-goni-umized —
With gravitation, ere it was in to orbs energized.
God's unbeginning inheritance, surely was
Existing as the great Jehovah, without a cause,
When the cemmerian bulk of Chaos was rent,
Then God opened-up in Space, His firmament;
And as the orbs began to revolve in the skies,
Were they by His word helio-graph-a-matized.
Before the great Expanse with stars was stained,
Deathly silence throughout the Universe reigned.
Uncreated, breathless, pulseless silence reigned profound,
Without, in the measurless Expanse, a single sound.
In Duration there existed matter and force
To start the orbs on their ever moving course.
He started the countless orbs on their courses,
And propelled them by His gravitating forces.
He hurled Arcturus and her suns to circle the pole
While Time's fleeting, revolving cycles should roll.
Orion, He girted with blazing bands to climb the steep,
While all orbs around some unknown center sweep.
He luxuriated them with rolling seas,
And gave His bright light to all with gentle breeze.
He made man, reptile, and every living beast,
And the food on which all these living might feast.
This darkness lay in Duration's vault, up to the time
That the moving Astrals in Space began to shine.
When the Word was spoken by the Eternal Divine,
Then the lambent light from the orbs began to shine.
How could a being or any living thing exist
Without a location in which to subsist?

Spoken in Duration's craniology, so far back, —
Immeasurably beyond where thought can make a track?
Imagination's weak attempted flight is vain,
A knowledge of Duration's craniology to gain. ..
It droops my wing in its exalted, soaring flight,
And well-nigh turns my day into gloominess and night.
Unspanable is the mighty gulf between
The invisible First, the seen and the unseen.
Man is always eager, and has no patience to wait
For God's swift courier steed to approach his gate.
The Future's unsolved issues he tries to read
Before the approach of God's disciplined steed.
Dawning future events he tries to fore-cast,
And on the mountain's ribs he tries to read the past.
He searches for God's foot-steps from pole to pole,
In coral isles, earth's stratta and seams of coal.
He tries to tell Eternity's gone by years,
And Space's immeasurable revolving spheres.
Still some say there's no personal God on high,
And the existence of the Devil they deny.
Who is he that can Time's mysterious curtain raise,
And with a distinguishing eye, through her window gaze,
And stand on the front secret sill of her threshold,
And marching hordes and pestilences behold ;
And see the mad winds accumulating their forces
To start out on their dreadful, destructive courses ;
And hear the deep rumbling of the coming earthquake
A counselling where in to destruction it should break ;
And the volcanoes with their deep, murmuring groans
Whispering when they would belch forth their liquid stones?

Who is he that has fore-seeing wisdom to tell,
And see the margin line between Heaven and Hell,
And see and tell in God Almighty's name,
When His wrath will kindle in a blazing flame;
When the penned-up flood-gate of His wrath breaks loose,
And there'll be no sending to Him a flag of truce?
Who in the land of the living is sufficiently wise
To move the black, double-woven curtain from his eyes,
And see destruction at noonday awaiting,
And destructive pestilences incubating?
Who is he that sees the horses, white, black, red and pale?
Then who can their several missions to the world detail?
Cannot mortal man with his reasoning faculties find
Some of these things whispering in his mind?
Does not man often see vultures swiftly flying high,
Long before the approaching cloud, in the sky?
The generation's God will cut down His cumbers,
And well-nigh innumerable will be the numbers.
The noise of the four horses will say, "come and see,"
"And I saw and beheld a white horse as before me.
And he that sat thereon had a crown and a bow,
And went forth conquering and to conquer as he'd go."
Is not there a living foresight in every man,
If he would through the gospel telescope carefully scan?
Can man be with his experience, satisfied
Till he can behold the face of the living crucified?
Is there with all philosophers a wise clew,
By which man can separate the false from the true?
A man may wear a king or a potentate crown,
Or, for infirmation, dig the mountains down.

Then he may traverse the great star light expanse
Of by-gone Duration, and no thoughts can he advance.
Even the cherubims, who in wisdom excell,
Would fail, Duration's craniology to tell.
Ye grave philosophers, from your slumbers arise,
And consult the chronicles of the wisdom wise,
Then tell me how many rolling years it will take
My mysterious sweep of rolling years to make.
Then tell me, if you have fore-seeing wisdom to learn,
When my cipher and key will begin their turn.
Is its turning a thousand years away,
Or begin with to-morrow, next year or to-day?
The world is pregnated with astounding wonders
When we consider God's providential sundries.
It may be that I have myself somewhat involved,
Having scientifically unsolved problems solved.
Over four years ago I spread my poetic wing,
That I might make a song for all the world to sing.
Then the sails of my frail bark I spread to the breeze,
And sailed to the immeasurable ether seas.
By a viewless, mysterious propelling force,
I was propelled swifter than lightning on my course.
My conceptions of creation to the world I sung,
And told how orbs in the boundless expanse were flung.
And it may be that some for it will be abused,
But I only give the world my simple views.
I have not the least idea what is in me,
Till I counsel the great Counsellor to see.
The world of mankind may me with ignorance charge,
As I agree not with the philosophers at large.

To my views, I ask no man living to subscribe,
Of no nationality, kindred, tongue or tribe.
While reason is sceptered high on her mystic throne,
Around her feet these my wonder thoughts are strown.
In my mind like hurricane, storming floods they pour,
Till in my brain I have no place for them to store.
They come like the boisterous undefined winds that blow,
For what purpose in this life I shall never know.
They come away far from beyond my sense of seeing,
From the intuition of my inner being.
The Eternal germed them in my inner being,
To give me a comprehensive sense of seeing.
The Devil may compass my production around,
And his vile indignant trumpet against them sound.
Against them he will make a headlong, desperate assault,
And will find against their worth many a fault.
Then the worldly wise will against their merits debate,
And against them they will vent forth spleen and hate.
Then the great philosophers against them will howl,
Then will come the far-seeing star gazers to growl.
Then some will say my page with falsehood is tarnished,
And with misrepresentations plainly garnished.
Then will come along all the world's indignant hordes,
That has e'er battled with one of Lucifer's swords;
They will come with their hordes, compassing them about
To see if they could them, for their portion, route.
Then will come the blood besprinkled, salvation wise,
Those who've had the Adamic scales swept from their eyes,
Those who have had their minds well premonstrationized,
Will not at my spontaneous views be surprised;

Nor will he who has ever touched Christ's vesture hem,
The import of my spontaneous views condemn.
Then this Heavenly, disciplined, far-seeing host,
Will, with their gospel telescope, scan my views close.
Then of their intrinsic worth will they wisely consult,
And will wait patiently for their final result.
Then the fiery fiends will come from their sulphur sluice,
With their hell hounds from the bottomless pit let loose.
Then on all of Hell's nobility will they call,
But they'll fail to check them in their grand march at all.
Then the insignificant fry of the Devil,
May their long ranged artillery at them level,
And with all their hate around them prowl
Till Time's last revolving year may after them howl.
But all that they could possibly do or say,
Would not keep them from the world's mighty highway.
They will roll on while Time's revolving years sweep by,
Guarded by Him who has a never slumbering eye.
To the four winds of the Earth, they will be unfurled,
And strown over the rotundity of the world.
They'll go to the Northern, hyperborean snows,
And to the torrid South where it's never froze.
They will be well translated in ever tongue,
And by every tribe on the earth, they'll be sung,
On the out-stretched expanse of the globe they'll sound
While Time's sweep rolls her revolving cycles around.
Till the sparkling, golden watchfires of the sky,
Will be conflagrated and from their circuits fly,
While the great king-god of day revolves in the skies,
And reflects light on this globe from his golden eyes.

At the awful judgment bar I'll meet these, my views,
With all of those who will them wilfully abuse.
The God of Shadrack, Meshack, and Abednego
Will generate the winds to send them to and fro,
And the angel of the everlasting covenant
Will see that over this wide expanse they'll be sent.
When I've finished my task and laid my pencil down,
Then I will take my plenary, poetic crown,
And to the realms above I will take my flight,
To the glory begemmed realms of shining light.
And there before the great white throne I'll fall down,
And to God surrender myself and poetic crown.
Then there I will His flaming majesty behold,
Then He will to me His mystic gift unfold.
This decade may, with my views have nothing to do,
But down Times revolution they'll pass safely through.
They'll stand when Egypt's last towering pyramid
Is beneath the dust of revolving cycles hid;
When those towering, gigantic mountains of stone
Are in the rear of a thousand centuries blown.
They'll stand when great stupendous monuments of brass
Are hid beneath green luxurious sods of grass,
And tombed down deep in the sepulchre of years,
And covered o'er with accumulating dust and tears.
They'll be when there's no penetrating eye to scan
The gorgeous labor-wrought sculptures of Yucatan;
Till Time shall have dug up the mountains by the roots,
And for Heaven's army there'll be no more recruits.
They will stand when Time's last wasting year expire,
And the Guardian angel from Time's field retire.

They will pass down the circumcombendebus of time
Till the thunder toned judgment bells begins to chime.
They will stand as a tower with a star in its crown,
Till Time's indicating clock shall have run down;
Till the angel shall put his foot on the darkning sea,
And swear by the Great that time no longer shall be;
Till time from Eternity's vast sweep is unreined,
And the Devil for the judgment will be unchained;
Till into blood the silver queen of night shall turn,
And all in one wide conflagration shall burn;
Till the last trump shall wake the dead from land and sea,
And shall be engulfed in one grand Eternity.
Then when all will be conflagrated here below,
Down Duration's apocalyptic sweep they will go.

* * * * *

I came here to find a place to be deeply buried
When o'er Jordan's rolling flood my soul is ferried,
But since I have come my mind has greatly changed,
As this place in the future will be disarranged.
Now you proud peaked mountain, I'll bid you "good bye,"
With your grandeur I'll make for you a prophecy.
Man will look in amazement, and hear in wonder,
When he hears you belching forth volcanic thunder.
Around your grand winding circuitous pass
Will flow a conglomerated, volcanic mass.
Your superb rhododendrons, shrubs, and flowers
Will be exchanged for fiery volcanic showers.
Your rumbling voice will go up more eloquent
Than bursting thunders that prance in the element.

Your mighty towering summit with a rock is crowned.
And beautiful flagrant flowers spread all around.
For one thousand years you may your foliage wave,
But time is digging you a deep, interring grave.
You will be shrowded, confined and laid away
To be conflagrated at the great Judgment day.
Time's sharp teeth are gnawing fiercely at your vitals now,
And making deep furrows in your side with his plow.
The mighty storm over your foundation will surge,
And their moaning will sing your funeral dirge.
Future generations will hear your dying groans
As you madly belch forth liquid volcanic stones.
Volcanic lava from your lofty peak will spout,
And run in great rivers till you burn yourself out.
You will then burn out only to make one grand sway,
And sink down with your lava forever away.





God's Existence.



Notwithstanding, I approve prohibition,
For years I've been in a drunken condition.
I am intoxicated on poetic wine,
Made of the God of nature's mystic vine.
I've so wonderfully poetic drunk
That life's living spark is well-nigh sunk.
At God's almighty wine press I have been,
Drinking floods of His salvation in;
There have I quenched my burning thirst,
Till my soul is well-nigh ready to burst.



I have waked and drunk and drunk again,
Till the worldly wise thought I was insane.
I pray to die in this sort of a drunk
When life's living spark leaves its dying chunk.
A wine bibber I have been for thirty years,
The first drink cost me a thousand tears.
A wine bibber on and on I will be
Till Christ's resurrecting glory I see.
Black flamed astonishment takes hold on me,
When God's unspeakable glories I see.
When vast worlds beyond the clouds I scan,
I am lost in God's diversified plan.
For the world's siren tongue no more I care,
No more they fascinate nor charm my ear;
The world's pleasures for me have passed away,
Forever they from me have gone to stay.
In God's mysterious theca there's no place to hide,
Should we search this globe from side to side.
They will continue to swell the human soul
While in the azure vault there is a scroll.
Men, Herculean master minds have got,
But an intellectual prince I am not.
In my life, I've had no advantage rare,
To ascend philosopher's golden stair;
Nor was I taught in philosophy's school,
But poise between a wise man and a fool.
I verge between two eternities bleak,
A home in paradise, or a Hell to seek.
Times are, when my conceptions are so great
That words are futile their vastness to state.

They are beyond the reach of thought to express
Their great stupenduous almightiness.
Such master thoughts are from mind untombed,
By which my grave conceptions can be boomed ;
Nor could be told with blood nor choking tears,
Neither in Time's ten thousand, fleeting years.
I am astonished and well-nigh unmanned,
For wonders in my mind I can scarcely stand.
All wonder-wrapped and clouded is my mind.
Mine eyes are mystic-wrapped and wonder-blind.
Prodigious scenes before my fancy rise,
Which would a philosopher's mind surprise.
When one veiled mystery, I try to solve,
Then through my mind ten thousand more revolve.
In my mind, God's mysteries swiftly pour,
While through His fathomless expanse I soar.
My pulse, when writing, fast courses its speed,
And my brain throbs as a run-down steed.
There seems to be an august being near,
In whose sublime presence I quake from fear.
The being seems to be too sage and wise,
To stand before my scintillating eyes.
He seems to be veiled in spotless pure,
That me, in His presence, he can't endure.
I'm hung on the bare crust of Time's fierce wave,
Soon to be plunged into Times deep-dug grave.
I am brain-sick, poet-love, hungry-mad,
Though not as Solomon, with wisdom clad.
Impulses new have in my nature sprung,
And inspires my weak, stammering tongue.

A poetic flame is within my bones,
With desire to rage as whirling cyclones.
In my poetic fever I shall try
To write for man a poem ere I die.
This from all others will differ in thought,
Such by another will never be wrought.
It's likeness is yet untyped and printed,
Which by another will never be hinted.
This my verse has a universal text,
From the great God's uncircumscribed index,
To Space's far outstretched verging rim,
And viewless distance's unseen top-most brim;
Through the gulf-pit of damnation below,
Where thought's sounding plummet will never go;
And out on God's infinite, endless plane,
Away beyond damnation's fiery main.
I viewed away out on the distance far,
To see the poet's blazing, golden star.
My rhyming verse will be as sumless vast,
As the cycles of the undated past.
Together I'll join a few rhyming thoughts,
Like the bower birds of different sorts.
Indeed if you will on them rightly think,
You'll see they connect in one grand link.
Together shall be mixed my blood and tears,
To match my bower birds from different spheres.
To show the rugged paths my thoughts have trod,
My heart's effusive blood shall stain the sod.
Then you will think of blood for us was shed,
When my thoughts on these sheets you see spread.

My bower birds will not differ at all,
But shall stand together as a great wall ;
From every quarter they shall be brought,
From God's untrodden paths of sacred thought.
My wall I shall rear higher than the skies,
The world philosopher's mind to surprise.
And now to you in rhyme, I shall rehearse
My version of God and God's universe.
All of duration will my verse embrace,
Beyond the sweep of life's acknowledged trace ;
Away beyond Sideral's lofty reach,
Space's verge or illimitable beach ;
With Space's every avenue and lane,
And time, while God shall hold Duration's reign ;
With every mite that floats the liquid breeze,
With all the worlds that plow the milky seas ;
Embracing all that in life can be,
Throughout the cycle of eternity ;
Including everything near and far,
In heaven and earth and in ether air.
This boundless scope I in my poem take,
With all the worlds in space that God shall make,
To have the greatest poem ever spread,
Or scrolled by the living or tongueless dead.
Should I leave out anything which has been
With God's burnt-up worlds, I shall take it in.
By chance some reptitions I shall make,
Within my scope all things on earth I'll take.
And then my poem I could not describe
With all the dialects of every tribe.

My rhyming verse would beg and pauperize
All tongues of every nation 'neath the skies.
Neither day nor night have I sleeping rest
For fierce desires that burn within my breast
Like an engine's vast propelling power
That drives me far beyond this mundane bower;
Like lightning, it propels me more swiftly on
Throughout God's wide, immeasurable lawn;
Like many thousand speeds of dazzling beams
Pouring from their fountains in liquid streams;
And back in endless duration of old,
Whose secrets mortals will never unfold;
Beyond whose limits telescope ne'er viewed,
Where man's kenning thoughts will never intrude.
No ken will ever view Space's domain
Beyond God's great sidereal-lit plain,
Where mortal sight will never reach nor go
While travelling the mundane spheres below.
Our thoughts will never be able to bring
Substance where there is nothing nor no thing.
Philosophy I tread beneath my feet
As filthy dust of an unpaved street.
Concealed impossibilities I court,
With stars beyond the Sun, I deeply sport.
Great mystic things to me has God revealed,
And turned my ken into His endless field.
To this mundane world my back have I turned,
And the precepts of human I have spurned.
With thoughts beyond the terrestrial world,
Away into Eternity I've whirled;

Into the light of God's unsetting sun,
A sun shining that never had begun.
The pre-existing orb of endless day
Had never started on its shining way.
A sun as an inseperable ring
With center in an ever gurgling spring,
Or like a mountain huge of light submerged,
And every moment with coral waves surged;
As an uncalendared sun 'twill ever be
Through cycle sweeps of eternity.
It is the principal engineering corps
Which pioneers duration all before.
It is the eternal God-light of lights,
And the enduring God-might of all mights
Whose holy light excells all lights combined,
By which His life every thing is shined.
'Tis Jesus, Christ, God, the eternal Three,
Without which nothing can possibly be.
In beaming out His great effulgent beams
In vast ocean-like, floods and streams,
A few thoughts, strange to you, I may advance
Of God and his out-stretched, endless expanse.
Jehovah, the Great Eternal, ever was
Always, before there was an effect or cause.
Man's highest incomprehensible thought
Is, how into being the first cause was wrought?
Man says: "Where does God the Eternal stay?
And who is he that I should him obey?"
And says "how could a God begin to be,
And create eyes for himself to see?"

The fool says, "there is no God," in his heart,
"And how could God from nothing make a start?"
The world, by its wisdom, knowth God not,
Nor how He into existence got.
How can frail man such skeptic thoughts advance,
And say that the Eternal came by chance?
Fool man says: "Where does God the wise abide,
And how can He in his pavillion hide?"
Supreme is God's primordial cause
Of all pre-existing regulating laws,
And Time never was when He did not be
In the dateless cycles of Eternity.
No thing could something from nothing make,
Nor from nothing, life, form, or being take.
No thing could speak with a commanding voice
Without indicating power or choice.
From nothing to life, the gulf is so wide
That God only can bridge it from side to side.
Could nothingness a God originate,
Or a nonentity a living God create?
The matter of which every thing is made,
In dark chaotic caverns it once laid.
More than nothing is darkness, I will say,
For sure it is the opposite of day.
The foundation of every thing that be,
Upon the land or in the briny sea,
Its foundation was from darkness laid,
And from darkness the rolling worlds were made.
It, from duration, was materialized,
And by Heaven's powers was crystalized,

And was by omnipotent laws congealed,
By which the circling orbs in Space were wheeled.
The seeds are sown, but do disappear
Before the corn can be gathered in the ear.
Black darkness, by the Word, had disappeared,
Then Heaven's light in Space's field appeared.
Every rolling planet, sun and sphere
Was made from that which now does not appear;
Made of thick chaotic darkness congealed,
But not to us in Holy Writ revealed.
The darkness passed away like as the seed
By which all nature procures life and feed.
Uncreated darkness differs somewhat
From what is made when heaven's sun is not.
The foundation of the universe laid,
Was of God's pre-existing matter made.
From first-time, darkness was impregnated
With substance, of which the worlds are freighted.
It, in first-time, existed without a cause,
Long before there were regulating laws;
Before the vault of Heaven was prepared,
Or the great cathedral of God was reared;
Before Duration's archives were unrolled
To have their endless, sacred pages scrolled,
Or the counsel of duration of old
Had their visions of future ages told;
Long ere orbs in Space's domain were tossed,
To have their crests sheened with glittering frost.
God, his word from cimmerian darkness, spake
The worlds from the tenebrous bulk to make.

No worlds are made in Space, s star-lit field,
They're made beyond where light is yet revealed.
If we could travel with the speed of light
A trillion trillion years both day and night,
That would be but a step toward the place
Where Heaven's great God makes worlds in Space.
No worlds are made, as star-gazers do say,
From the nebula in the realms of day.
Philosophers grave and learned have not yet
The first A in God's specious alphabet;
Of their calculations they'd be ashamed,
If they were with God's celestial fire flamed.
Trillions of systems to them are unknown,
Which circle around their great central throne.
This uncreated darkness is together rolled,
By which Space with orbs are scrolled.
This caliginous darkness is so thick,
And when compressed it will together stick,
And is black as Hell's tartarean sheet,
Where the God cursed of all nations shall meet;
As black as Hell's starless banner unfurled
That waves o'er Gehenna's shadowless world,
And has ever lain in Duration's gloom,
To be woven in worlds on the Eternal's loom.
Away beyond the radiant girdle of light,
In realms of unconceived, chaotic night;
Beyond where potent light has ever played,
Is where giant worlds in Space are made.
There I find darkness more compact to be,
Than floating foam of pitchy ebon sea.

There mighty worlds are forming into shape
As they are scaled off by Jehovah's tape.
There all-together darkness was congealed
To make the worlds that circle Space's field,
Which in worlds so vast no sum could state,
No star-gazer know nor can estimate.
In Space they're incessantly hurled in line
With hoary headed worlds to vie and shine.
So every being with a mortal tongue
Has from materialized darkness sprung.
Void darkness demands ommscient mind,
Ere could exist a thing of any kind.
The genius of all philosophers great,
Could not with their skill an atom create,
Nor simple hair could they grow white nor black,
Nor without help in ether make a track.
Why not Science's skill something invent,
And with nonentity experiment?
With their skill, what long ages would it take
A mighty world in Space like this to make?
If God himself from non-entity made,
Who taught to Heaven's architect his trade?
O where is all the wisdom of the wise,
That they can not see, view, nor realize?
My mystic thoughts you'll fail to understand,
Their meaning you'll neither grasp nor span.
To you they'll appear as an idle tail,
Unless you succor me to breeze their sail.
Thy God from his pavillion has reigned supreme
Ere time from duration began to stream;

Before time's surging gulf began to flow,
Or Duration's cycles did come and go.
He reigned before boundless Space was sphered,
Or light had her immense fields pioneered.
Began Time from Duration to swiftly flow
When the mighty worlds in Space did go.
God did congeal chaotic realm of night,
And threw out his creative line of light.
The darkness crystalized He into worlds,
Which make in Space their mighty whirls.
The word was spoke at which was done,
Then light to her creative circuit run.
When Time's cloudless dawn began to emerge,
Then mighty worlds in Space began to surge.
God in the dawn of material light,
Rolled Time out in her swiftly sweeping flight.
Back in Duration's chaos crude of night,
No time there was when God created light,
All the light which in the universe was,
Radiated from God without a cause.
If now would God stretch out abyss's night,
Would blaze in our souls His effulgent light.
The God stretched the ether's mighty arch,
To start the worlds on their recircling march.
Out-stretched He the north o'er empty place,
And hangeth the worlds on nothing in Space.
The mighty mountains has he gathered up,
And scooped out the briny sea as a cup.
Some mountain so high has he deftly tossed,
Their towering peaks in the clouds are lost.

His thunders as at Sinai He hurled,
His clouds as waving banners He unfurled.
The eternal God rides upon the storm
Without part or body, passion or form ;
He fills nature in its every portion,
Fills too the channel of sea and ocean.
God fills the trackless realm of boundless Space,
Beholding its ever nook and place.
All moments He is present everywhere,
In Heaven and earth and ether and air.
Abide Eternity from pole to pole,
And down a million cycles yet to roll.
God's statutes the circle of Space entire,
And out of Christ a consuming fire.
Moses saw the bush unconsuming burn,
When he began God's holy ways to learn.
God is God, He it is that only knows,
His power to others He never shows.
Christ Jesus, His alone begotten son,
Tells not how long Time's fleeting sweep will run ;
And whispers not how far it is away,
Till comes the promised end of Time's last day.
Christ at the judgment bar will surrender,
Then the redeemed host to God he'll tender.
His glorified form may attenuate
To bask in his holy primitive state
Which he with the celestial farther had
Before he was with humanity clad.
The lofty heights of science can we scale,
And her mysteries to the world unveil.

The globe we gird in haste with iron nerve,
And send our thoughts along a shallow curve,
The spark we make and guide its fiery reign,
And steer the ship o'er the wide, trackless main.
We can generate blazing lightning to fly,
And can it with bawling thunders supply.
The earth for paltry treasure oft we probe,
And doors unfold of rock-ribbed, pregnant globe,
And through her mountains pass on iron steed,
And go with strides of incredible speed.
With telescope we the bright orbs consult,
And in our grand discoveries exult.
In Space's field we find wondrous things :
We find Saturn with her silver-girt rings ;
And away in the wide expanse we find
Vast rolling worlds with burnished splendor lined ;
And view the royal princess queen of night
Escorted by the blazing gems of light,
Which, by some unseen magic hand, are rolled
Like bronze ships floating down seas of gold.
We see the fiery orbs in their flight
Out pouring lambent sheens of constant light.
We view God's system roll gently along
Like the floating strains of a seraph's song.
The globe we circumnavigate around
To tell by what ocean and sea she's bound.
The curious marts of knowledge we explore,
And the ports of every wisdom shore.
All the great things of the earth we can discern,
But the greatness of God we'll never learn.

If through the sweep of Time's probation
We'd consult the life of every nation,
Still God's greatness we would never know
As down Duration's labyrinth we go.
The mysteries of God we will never solve
While planets around the burning sun revolve.
I used the ever sure dividing rod
To find some ways of the living God,
But I could make the storm in anger blow
As easy as I can His greatness know.
My studious thoughts have used their probe,
And have encyclopædiated the globe. *2 that*
I have descended the depths of the deep,
And swept beyond the astral steep.
The mighty universe o'er have I searched,
And on Reason's lofty throne have I perched.
I have sailed through-out areas of space
To search the every nook, corner and place.
I asked the luminous "King god" of day
Who started him upon his shining way,
And who controls him in his stately course
With his escorting, blazing sun-beam force
Ascending his path oft-trod to the west,
And heaving beams from his golden breast.
I did consult the swiftly flowing rivers
Which demolishe huge crafts to shivers
In coursing their way to wide ocean's shore
To be engulfed in briny deep e,er more.
I asked the surging fathoms of the deep,
Where yearly foaming waves in grandeur leap,

Who would with thought direct, and why
They lash the mariners until they die,
And in their saline grave interred them deep,
Away from home till the judgment to sleep;
And why in their rage they show no respect
For age nor color, kindred nor sex.
I've asked who regulates the sands of time
Which keeps her silent clock in exact prime.
I've asked the ponderous stately mountains,
With hosts of gushing, crystalline fountains,
What power tossed their blanched peaks in the skies,
And who to them freely did give supplies.
I've asked the glittering stars which shine so bright,
Who gave such beauty and effulgent light
To them. I said: have you no power to tell
Who put your form in Space's field to dwell?
The golden constellation asked I, why
They as frail man don't fade and die,
Or leave the circled paths so long they've trod
And bound their way to the realms of God.
I've asked who makes the sea to ebb and flow,
And seasons alternate, to come and go.
King Sirius I've asked, as he has run,
Who made him more capacious than the sun;
Of worlds as this, did he possess the power,
How many could he capture and devour.
Four hundred million as this, he would say,
And thousands more in a similar way.
The fearful storm I've seen in raging wrath,
All leaving devastation in its path,

And leaves in its path the mangled dead
On which the voracious vultures have fed.
Bellowing thunders I have heard to roar,
While zigzag, vivid lightnings sped before,
And mountain clouds their scathing lightnings hiss,
Thus question I: whose power brings all this?
I've asked the traveling, mountainous worlds
Which make in Space their periodic whirls
In their continued blazing, sweeping flight
Around the great central source of light,
How each his elliptical position got,
And who fore-ordained each his changeless lot.
I've asked the restless globe that has been blest,
Why he don't stop to slumber and rest,
Or make for himself another circling path,
Or plunge the sun for a fiery bath.
Oft sleepless, weary nights in thought I've passed
That I might know some thing of God at last.
I have arisen and surveyed around,
Thinking I sprung from the dust of the ground,
And soon will be turned to crumbling dust,
My bones will be consumed by mouldering rust.
We make but a turn from child to age,
And soon must leave this terrestrial stage.
I have seen the poor mortal gasp and die;
Is death the last of earthly man, says I?
O who is wise enough to tell to me
Of Him that raiseth mountains in the sea
And sinks others from the bright face of day
For wild waves o'er their coral peaks to play?

The waving wood I asked, and marshy glade,
The wildly dashing turbulent cascade,
That coveted instruction I may gain,
And Wisdom's ways may all be clearly plain.
I asked the stars of God that rolls on high,
And His existence they did not deny.
There is a God on whom I can rely,
And I'd affirm it till the day I die.
I asked the infidel from whence he come,
As a lamb before its shearer, he was dumb.
Then at my question he took a glance,
And slowly said: "Infidels came by chance."
The more my eager thoughts reach out to go,
The less of God the great Allwise I know.
To think of Him who wisely rules the skies
Immerses me in wonder and surprise.
On His omnipotence to gaze, to think,
Does make me in mere nothingness sink.
On bended knees God's precious word I've read,
And unseen thousands of bitter tears I've shed;
From troubled slumbers arose I to pray,
For I sought the Father both night and day,
That the Alwise Eternal God I might find out
Without a shadow, on my soul, of doubt.
My God, Himself, He did to me reveal,
With His spirit He did my spirit seal.
A great Eternal God exists I know,
For He to me the saving Christ did show.
Among ten thousand He is chief and fair,
He is the Eternal, I do declare.

My God, His temple window curtain raised,
And through it, at the living Christ, I gazed.
When on my spirit Christ's blood was effused,
My sin-ridden soul was by grace enthused,
And with the Eternal Almighty I met,,
Where He with sin pardoning scepter set,
After supplicating six weary years,
With sorely sorrowing, repenting tears.
The more I use my thought divining rod,
The less I know of the mystic ways of God.
Of his omnipotence the more I scan,
The less I know of His creative plan.
Philosophy with all her skill and art,
Tells not how Jehovah first took His start.
Astronomy with its bombastic blow,
Can't tell how far God's wide expanse does go.
The field of wisdom rests unturned, untrod,
Which leave in Shadow's realms the ways of God.
My mind is wrapt in wonder—all spell-bound,
As mysteries of God doth me surround.
Into my feeble mind God's workings pour,
As through this fathomless estate I soar.
His secrets do perplex the mortal soul,
As on the cycles of duration roll.
One inquiry I'd make of human kind,
If they an answer for my question find:
Why God would from his secret silence break,
And come forth the worlds in Space to make;
Creating such vast worlds of silvery light,
And starting them upon their endless flight?

And why did God create this mortal man,
Reflecting His own image in the plan,
Infusing in his breast the living breath,
And damning for sin to eternal death?
The source of life, man's body, He did create,
His spirit spark from Him did emanate.
No other way it can in reason be,
Than man is a part of the Deity.
Frail man's immortal part or deathless soul,
Is a spark from Jehovah's burning coal.
The fearful wonder which exists in me,
That souls must be damned through eternity.
The horrid mystery which I can't tell,
Is, why would God His essence send to Hell?
Or why He would these giant worlds destroy,
With all His people who His life enjoy,
With God all sinning mortals here destroy,
For being marred in Satan's fain decoy?
The fixed decree from Heaven did go out,
The certainty of which no man will doubt.
The great Eternal God who rules on high,
Decreed that souls on Earth which sin must die.
Oftimes the child is disinherited,
Who had not the grace of father merited.
On poetic ocean I've launched my all,
To swim or sink in His wave, or fall.
I've launched my bark if in the tide I sink
To fathoms deep and lose life's brittle link.
On those steep waves I've thrust my time-worn bark
To float the broad expanse as Noah's Ark,

Unlearned in use of rudder, sail or oar,
The yet unfrodden field of God to explore
Beyond the distant range of stary light,
Away in regions of nebulous night.
My thoughts were plumed, I spread my eager wings
To traverse other seas for unseen things.
Peering sight through boundless Space I sent,
To view and know His great astonishment.
The powers of my soul I have all engaged,
The leaves of Nature have I learned to page;
Her journal leaves I was induced to turn,
Her grievous mysteries to read and learn.
I turned the very undiscovered stone,
In the midnight abyss of God's unknown.
On Heavenly heights of thought I'd longed to perch
In celestial fields to make research.
My noblest faculties of life I strained,
The greatest thoughts in me have reigned.
I sketched with all that genius could acquire,
With rapture which but order could inspire.
My simple words with their own burden fall,
And have no meaning, seemingly, at all.
Inspiring words I fail to grasp or reach,
Nor can my tongue roll words in fruitful speech.
As Moses had a stammering tongue, have I,
But have no Aaron on whom to rely.
On spirited Moses I ardent call,
On hoary head, the raptured young, and all;
Philosopher, the seer, the lord and page,
That they for me would all their powers engage;

Their inmost thoughts would concentrate,
Assisting my verse to delineate.
On my complex and intricate discourse,
I have exhausted all my innate force.
That God to me would give a fiery tongue,
Like Bethlehem's bright morning star that sung;
A fervent voice of thunder that to speak
These words as vivid as the lightning streak;
That Heaven would my nature re-inspire
With flaming floods of crimson fire.
Would God give my soul wings as Heaven's dove,
Which upon Christ descended from above;
Would give to me a reaching, grasping mind,
That holy thoughts and sacred words I'd find.
Then power would I have, and wisdom and skill
My service with inspired precepts to fill.
The super-human thoughts I'd wisely choose
Baptized with Heaven's super-mundane dews.
A rich supply of words I'd then possess
The grandeur of my emotion to express.
With all the throbbing fervor of my breast,
The depth of my poetic thoughts I'd test;
For potent instinct words, I'd have no dearth;
Entirely would they girdle God's great earth.
I would try my poetic thought display,
My vision grandeur sublime array.
Though while I travel this life's narrow lane,
Its vastness I'll be unable to explain;
The altitude of which I'll ne'er detail
On life's limit of Jordan's mystic vale.

Its lofty heights I can no more ascend
Than can I the stars of Heaven rend ;
Than man's thoughts can ascend Jehovah's throne,
The peerless heights of which to make known.
No mortal its greatness will e'er express,
Nor promulgate its almightiness.
Its inconceivable extent man could never tell,
Though on it throughout duration he dwell.
The unity of the God-head alone,
Its veiled stupenduousness can make known.
The artist may sketch with the tinsel brush :
The sculptor may chisel his choicest blush ;
The orator may his eloquence display,
And his cogent words in profusion play ;
Expert astronomers may survey the skies ;
Philosophers may the world of man surprise :
The poet, with his verse, may tempt to tell,
And on his enchanting theme wisely dwell ;
Hope may long to drink from his magic spring,
And Fancy spread her widely soaring wing ;
And all may have the world's full wealth of words,
And panoplied with thoughts as flocks and herds,
Yet on my primal effort they would fail
Its momentous height, to the world, unveil.
They may try o'er and o'er, may try again,
But their labor will be vanity—all vain.
If some bare hand to me would bring
From the sky a quill from an angel's wing ;
A gilded page from the Celestial scroll ;
A burnished segment from Duration's roll ;

Then of the unseen unknown, I'd fearless write,
As poets write, or bards sings, day and night.
My thoughts I would embalm upon this roll,
With the purified blood of a sainted soul.
Then my inspiring, poetic kenne'd soul
To life would my beatific vision roll.
I would my stainless God-like thoughts write down,
And stamp with sanctified blood for a crown;
Would graphically my rude verse portray
To see what the world would of them say.
On me has God bestowed poetic sight,
And thoughts in poesy to expedite.
To me was given radiant desire
Which touched my soul as with poetic fire.
Rare vision I see of God's universe,
The vastness I am unable to rehearse.
The combined wisdom of the world at large,
With all its genius, skill and charge;
With all human knowledge acquired in store,
Antediluvian and modern lore,
Could not decipher the thorn of a rose,
Or tell to me for what purpose it grows.
It protects not its frail, delicate form,
Nor does it ward from its petals the storm.
Frail man to count the stars in Space's skies,
In pride and faith, himself he thinks wondrous wise.
Yet millions are which do in Space arise
Beyond the peering search of mortal eyes.
Immense and boundless is Space,
No beginning, neither a starting place.

Limitless Space is all out of doors,
And has no canopy, neither has it floors.
It remains so unlimited and wide
That it has neither top, bottom, nor side.
Light suburbs, or out-skirts, vast Space has none,
Neither has it a rising nor setting sun.
Unto the brink of Space's farthest coast,
Michael ne'er will lead his squadron host ;
Sad mourner, death's dirge, there will never sing ;
No deep-toned death-bell there will ever ring.
O'er it, no eagle wing will e'er be spread ;
No golden slippered angel ever tread.
Its vast sublime, has God expanded wide,
Without threshold or margin on either side.
No bounds has Space of surging sea or land,
By wilderness of wood, nor desert of sand ;
No corners there, neither glade nor place
The endless outlines of the realm to trace.
Not even from the wakeless terreen rock,
Which has stood unshivered by earthquake shock.
Ask we the milky nebulae to tell,
Which in the ethereal regions dwell,
The distant filmy maze would ne'er reply,
Though wait would we till they drop from the sky.
God has extended Space's endless plain
Far into Night's never ending domain,
Where cimmerician darkness reigns supreme,
And Heaven's own light will never gleam.
Could we but through the trackless ether soar,
Beyond where thought has never gone before,

To Space locate a wall, a shore, or end,
As far as could thought her broad realm extend.
Could we there imagine ourselves to be,
There myriads of worlds beyond we'd see.
Could we from thence wing on through years,
Still on and on we'd sweep through fields of spheres.
Dash on and on in the grand searching flight,
And teeming worlds are revealed to our sight.
Million millions of years we on may fly;
The bold experiment o'er and o'er may try,
And more superb gems we'd see of brilliant light—
Remote clusters would seem to reunite;
Innumerable worlds would rise beyond,
Where glowing stars to listening worlds respond.
As we through this amazing distance dash,
A thousand times more swift than sun-beam flash,
We would be yet in God's immense domain,
With God in all the universe to reign.
No doubt, before, by God this world was laid,
That He millions more in Space had made.
In the undated ages of the past,
The numberless epochs God made so vast
Their questioned number no mind can surmount,
No mathematician decide nor count.
Were the light bearing worlds in rounded sky,
Exposed to view of earthlings' prying eye,
With their every planetary sphere,
Would from this wide firmament disappear;
They, torn from His magnificent domain,
Would less be than from the Earth a sand grain.

A globe as large as weak man can conceive,
God could award to each off-spring of Eve.
Ask you: "How many worlds there be?"
Go quadruplicate the sands of the sea:
The forest leaves, go see, count one by one
Which have grown beneath the life-giving Sun:
Go count the drops of rain and truly tell,
After the birth of Time, how many has fell.
The grown grain of six thousand harvests count,
Then meditate on the immense amount.
Go contemplate the grains of sand there be,
On all the shores of rivers, gulf and sea,
Then reckon on all of Love's and Sorrow's tears
Which has been shed in Time's six thousand years;
Increase the magnitude of all these
With the sands of a thousand other seas:
Yet all these, Space's worlds would fail to score,
Unless on these be heaped as many more.
We can never number Space's spheres,
Nor correctly aggregate the past-by years.
Were this globe to fragments atomized,
Too small to be perceived by mortal eyes,
Enough it would not make to represent
The fulness of the worlds which God has sent.
To go God's full grown universe around,
Far as by stretching thought it could be bound;
Expunging our sea of flooding, living light,
And instead, intrude a rayless realm of night,
Then this diminution of His great empire
Would be less than a spark of forest fire.

After through all these cycles I had passed,
The monster end of light I reached at last.
In this sublime, imaginary flight,
I spannd the realm of fierce chaotic night,
Into its mystic, murkey depths to tread,
Where no mortal, none excepted, ever fled.
In Space,s desolate wilderness waste,
The Devil no lost soul there has ever chased ;
Where no punished soul of the cursed dead,
To escape God's punishment, has ever fled :
Its ebon waste never an oasis contained,
There universal darkness supremely reigned.
In Space's lightless, unsiderealed realm,
Exists no towering oak, nor bud, nor stem ;
Nor found I a place on which to sit or swing
To rest my haunted soul's faint drooping wing ;
No ray of light in that wide darkness e'er played
From suns of light which God has ever made. .
Sun light on Space's verge would never shine
If suns were hurled forever on a line ;
A thousand rolling suns in sweeping race
Are but a speck in the limitless space.
Space's dimensions will never be explored,
Nor, throughout duration, her standard lored.
The boundries of Space, to fix or find,
Is far beyond the reach of finite mind.
With God, could impossibilities be,
Space's wide confines He could not see.
God fills the immense regions of trackless Space,
And can all see without turning His face.

On the pathless plains of Space. God can stand
And grasp them in the hollow of His hand.
If Duration's last years could roll around,
The terminus of Space might then be found.
Nothing with God impossible could be,
From beginning to the end He can see.
The Lord from Heaven will in truth descend,
But ne'er will Duration come to an end.
None but the Allwise, the eternal Three,
The ultimate stretch of Space will e'er see.
Swift Gabriel with wing and grasp of mind,
The out-posts of Space he would fail to find;
After a long and far-searching search,
On its farthest verge he'd fail to perch.
Space's astounding, far-searching out-posts
Are beyond where lightning thunders will coast.
The lightning fluid which makes thunder loud
Are gathered in the range of thunder's cloud.
On Space's out-post will vapor never rise
To make clouds in Space's unseen skies,
To be driven by fierce tornado gale
With blazing lightnings ever on their trail.
It is beyond where lightnings ever reach
To make the thunder crash on the nearest beach.
Space's infinite, boundless, unseen beach,
Is far beyond where no beyond can reach.
Mind's chariot will ne'er reach Space's shore,
If driven by thunder-bolts for evermore;
She would ne'er go through Space's outer gate
While great Duration's cycles vibrate.

Oh, God, in Thy immensity I am lost,
My mind and thoughts are deeply wonder tossed
Where no black clouds with rising mist
Are e'er by blazing lightning flashes kissed.
A great thought temple I have tried to build :
A simple workman am I, and unskilled.
Were I a master builder, and aptly wise,
A temple I'd build the world to surprise.
I would make it bright, and shining as the stars,
To vie with Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars.
With gold I'd burnish the building stones bright,
That the world might it, behold the darkest night.
Here will I halt to patient wait awhile,
With fearing I might a thought-temple spoil.
Proud Reason has ascended her bright throne,
To converse with ambassadors unknown.
My willing thoughts I have assembled round,
To know if Reason is properly crowned ;
To learn if she has power to send out,
Throughout the universe, my thoughts to scout.
And my thoughts have in grand council met
To see where I would my thought-temple set.
'Tis said, it takes a workman well skilled,
A temple of great magnitude to build.
'Tis said, in building the temples of old,
It took treasures and abundance of gold.
After the convoys had together met
To learn where they would my thought-temple set,
The place they could not exactly command,
Where likely it would be longest to stand.

Were I to build my temple on the ground,
Beneath it I would hear a rumbling sound.
If a temple on the ground I would make,
Then would it encounter the great earthquake.
Were I, it on a grand mountain to stand,
Indeed Time the mountain would gnaw to sand,
Then would she fall from her mighty height
To be hidden beneath the sands out of sight.
Would I build it on the fathomless deep,
There would the wild, tossing billows o'er it sweep.
Would I build on Sahara's waste of sand,
For the Simoon there would it not stand.
Could I build it firmly on ether's air,
With architecture grand, sublime and fair;
With all select fine precious gem stones,
There would it encounter the great cyclones.
If in ether's air I could rear it higher,
It there would encounter the judgment fire.
As I can find no place in ether's air
To build my temple all sublime and fair,
Nor can I find in the wide fields of space,
For my thought-temple, a suitable place.
I find no worthy place on earthly sod,
To build a temple to the eternal God.
So I'll build it in my immortal soul,
To stand when the surging judgment fires roll;
I'll have it inwoven and double tiled
With God, Holy Ghost, and virgin born child,
And make it lined with God's redeeming love,
A place on which to see God's fiery dove.

In it I'll set a central source of light,
Bedecked with Salvation's jewels bright;
And will it arch in pure rainbow splendor;
It will I freely make to God a tender.
In it I'll build a glowing sapphire throne
For the great God, "I Am," to set there on.
Then it will in sublime grandeur stand
While Duration will be by cycles fanned.
Were I to build two temples in one day,
One to stand the other to pass away;
One while Duration by her cycles is fanned,
The other till Time's fleeting sweep is strand.
My last temple I shall build on a rock
Which has encountered the earthquake shock.
A place I have found for the temple to stand,
No building supplies have I on hand.
I have searched the great temple of my mind,
And yet a suitable thought I failed to find.
Throughout the boundless universe, I've sought
For building material temple thought,
And after searching the universe round,
My temple for thought is above the ground.
In the star-lit fields I have traversed,
And of their splendors I have conversed;
At everything I made a searching glance,
That temple thoughts could suggest or advance,
And now for thought I am about to stall,
And my temple, for thought, will surely fall.
Oh! that God would doubly wing my prayers
To ascend His temple's golden stairs;

And my urgent dispatch receive in haste,
Before my temple for thought goes to waste;
And send me temple thoughts from high above,
With unconsuming fires of His redeeming love.
Oh! Thou, mighty eternal God, most high,
Do Thou me with suitable thoughts supply.
At Thy pavillion throne, O, God, I'd plant—
To leave the at present, O, God, I can't.
O, God, immaculate my soul with light
And make me a master builder right,
That my mind's feeble thoughts may quick untomb
And upheave them from this slumbering gloom,
And send Thy blessed escorting Spirit near,
My frail minds peering thought to guide and steer.
Could I the Heavenly congress attend,
Or could I there an ambassador send,
And have an appropriation made
As tributes on the universe inlaid;
A poet workman as Solomon had,
In wisdom robed as was Solomon clad.
Could I comprehend all in one grand thought
That has to man been in all ages taught:
Down in Duration could I only reach,
And grasp all Time's circling range could teach;
And could behold Duration's twilight dawn;
And could discover all that is passed and gone,
I'd leave Time as a monument in the rear
To sweep down Duration in my career;
Known with unknown epochs, I would contrast
The dawning future with the ages passed.

As I view receding Time in the rear,
With a drawing dawn of the future near;
And as I scan Time's secret, sacred threshold,
Wondrous things for the future I behold.
As on the summit of forethought I stand,
A rising cloud I see as a man's hand.
I see disorder in the nation's breast,
Increasing in the North, South, East and West.
There is a secret smoldering in the breeze
Beyond the chasm of the raging, briny seas.
A terrible commotion there will be
On the rolling ocean and darkning sea.
The little cloud will stretch wider, and spread
Where e'er civilization's foot has tread.
Discord I see breeding in every land,
Which by sectional strife is madly fanned.
God's people, to the nation make appeals
To stop the Sabbath going chariot wheels.
God's people, pray in faith to see the day
When damning spirits shall be dashed away.
Proud nation, christians assuming to be,
And sending missionaries o'er the sea,
Though cursed, as all the proud states of earth,
With murder and illegitimate birth.
Go search the pools for the murdered infant dead,
Which was ne'er swaddled, neither clad nor fed.
Their inglorious mothers, their own descent
Have slain, to hide a life of disgracement.
To act and conceal they call a small thing,
Yet conscience is pierced with a biting sting.

Woe to the man who does the killing deed,
Which makes the chaste heart of purity bleed.
The millions are who have their souls defaced,
That they might not openly be disgraced.
The minister of Christ has failed to cry :
Beware of the death that will never die.
When at the awful judgment bar we stand,
Every breeze by murder will be fanned.
We talk of wine-bibbing and whisky king,
But to infanticide as a meagre thing.
"Such as (is) the kingdom of Heaven," mothers slay,
And pool them, from the view of man, away ;
At the awful judgment bar they'll be reined,
With hands, with blood of their off-spring, stained,
The Anglo-Saxton will in the future be
Surprised, when through Time's telescope they see.
They'll see, with blood, their off-spring stained
By a race whom their fathers have unchained.
There'll be wonderful changing of places
In this nation by different races ;
And there will be a wonderful rent
When they unite with foreign element.
In futurity, it will come to pass
That the highway roads will be robbed in grass,
And fertile fields that were so often sown,
With forest, will again be overgrown.
The cities, like perished cities, will be
Earthquaked or sunk in consuming sea.
Soon or later there will a cloud arise.
That will the world, in the future, surprise ;

It will be like an angry thunder cloud,
Which by its own lightning zigzag is plowed.
War's frowning, bellowing thunders will be loosed
Without unfurling a grim flag of truce;
Then on the eternal God they will call,
When they perceive war's angry thunder ball.
As sure as God the great Red Sea congealed,
And Pharaoh's chariots He unwheeled,
So sure will death to every land be sent,
Unless they, as the Ninevites, repent.
The black winged, devouring pestilence,
Will in the nation make terrible rents.
The destruction that waiteth at noon-day,
With its fierce mandates, will be on the way.
The wicked of the nation we select,
The welfare of the people to protect.
Some of them are decoyed scoundrels, forsworn,
Which makes the nation sorrow and mourn.
Some as Judas Iscariot of old,
Who have their people bartered and sold;
Their sacred privileges have they abused;
The people's treasures squandered and misused
To build monuments o'er her dead,
And leave the poor untutored and unfed.
Huge monuments are built o'er dead men's bones,
Out of the simple poor's sighs, tears and groans.
Go count the vain nation's wasted treasure,
To see how many millions it will measure;
Learn if it would not educate the poor
Who go in and out at every door.

Were the virtues of our rulers combined,
Could we the virtue of a Joseph find?
Could we to the dark centuries go back,
And the wickedness of the rulers track;
That their bribes and wickedness we might see,
What great mounts of iniquity it would be.
This age yearns for the "allmighty dollar,"
And would like all the nation to swallow.
Two portions we wrenched from Mexico,
And away from our embrace they will go.
Where now is the red aborigines
Who owned this continent between the seas;
Who owned this forest land as birth-right
Where were no prowling ship in sight?
They are now almost extinct—almost gone—
Oh! who has taken their berth and lawn?—
Oft God bears with His wicked people long,
But will ne'er justify in the wrong.
He moves in mysterious, startling ways,
Wicked nations, He by a good one slays.
He will probe this nation's cancerous sore
Ere long to its innermost, center core,
And scrape its vile mortifying gangreen
Till its filthy, naked bones can be seen.
The dawning future is drawing near,
When this nation's glory will disappear.
The heathen nations, China and Japan,
In the future, will lay a human plan
To send their christian missionaries here,
To make this heathen nation tremble and fear.

Your attention back to Jerusalem I call,
That you may consider the depth of her fall.
The nation's monument built of hewn stones,
Over heroes and famous dead men's bones,
Will be by a stern sovereign thrown down,
And his head coronated with a crown.
The future, this sinful nation will trace,
As a down trodden, or extinguished race.
Could I ascend high into ether's air,
To where I could see the globe as a fair;
And could there on my stretching tip-toes stand,
And heaving the thunders at my command,
I would echo my voice from pole to pole,
Like unto a thousand thunders that roll;
The rotundity of the globe I'd shake,
As if it were upheaved by an earthquake.
Were I with super-natural power clad,
Made as bellowing thunders, angry mad,
Stop, would I, the blazing sun in his course,
And shut from his bosom his radiant force;
This sin-cursed nation I would shroud
With a pall-black, impenetrable cloud;
Then murder! King whisky! would I cry,
Till the nation would to repentance fly.
I would show the awful gulf-pit below,
To which, without repentence, sinners must go,
To the fiery state of the undying damned,
Where they are in Hell with the Devil crammed;
Where the undying worm will gnaw the soul
In Damnation's gulf, while Duration roll.

Eternal God ! where do I live to-day ?
In Hell or Heaven's broad or narrow way ?
If on Hell's Broadway, on descending grade,
With thunder bolts, do Thou the way blockade.
This nation is weighed and wanting found,
Her glory will trail in shame to the ground.
Woe unto the nation's wickedness ! alas !
When blazing comets in rotation pass.
By consulting the ancient past, we learn
That sin, empires and nations overturns.
When huge, rolling rivers have run dry,
The nations trouble will be coming nigh.
Ages may roll and cycles come and go,
The end of Time none, save God, doth know.
As I've built this temple, not as the other so tall,
I shall inscribe these sayings on her wall :
That Time's cutting teeth will not gnaw them out,
Till we see the truth of them in the future sprout.



 Space and **Time.**

Loved harp of the South, whose notes are rarely heard,
Save in the cadence of the mocking bird,
Or in the tuneful oriole's liquid strains,
Or in the prisoned songster's soul stired, refrains.
Fain would I seek Thy purient subtle art,
To sing the tune-felt impressions of my heart,
And stand fast among the immortal bards,
And awake to sing all Thy sleeping cords
Like Scotland's wayward Burns of deathless name,
The child of poverty, yet the hero of fame.
Sweet muse of Halicon, do breathe on me now,
And suffer me sip the dew from Herman's brow;

Allow the full draught, my weak soul to inspire,
With all the glow of thy eternal fire,
Glowing bright in every radiant beam,
The gladdening raptures of my Heaven-born theme;
Disclose to me the poet's true, magic skill,
And give me the gushing joys his heart doth fill.
Drunken have I not of the Pierian spring,
No cultured measure is my task to sing.
But few simple thoughts put together in rhyme,
On Immensity, Space, Eternity and Time.
The majesty of God first shall claim my thought,
Displayed in creation—by Omnipotence wrought.
Of the judgment I will endeavor to tell,
Which will lead to speak of Heaven and Hell.
The Divine Spirit I have always implored,
As my thoughts the universe scanned and explored.
God disentombed my mind's dormant powers,
And strewed it with poetic gems and flowers.
I lived to be fifty and odd years old,
When God His goodness to me did unfold;
My mental powers no longer were confined,
The mysteries of nature rose to my mind;
Its wonders and glories, I did then survey
His uncircumscribed universe, night and day.
In sweeping succession its grandeur arose,
And slumber refused mine eye lids to close.
My mind all lucid now held her beacon light,
While my thoughts did scan the universe at night.
Its glories passed before me as in a flood,
Mannaced no longer with flesh and blood.

Before I could clothe my impressions with words,
They had flown as a flock of many birds.
The grandeurs all new, no preceptor could teach,
Nor mortal tongue describe, nor mold into speech.
When my mind's laboratory was thus unlocked,
My thoughts to the universe's bosom flocked.
The spirit spear went to my soul's bottom root,
And upheaved thoughts my discourse to suit.
My thoughts through their windows poured anew,
As the dove from the ark the expanse to view.
(Whither they went forth in joy, terror, or grief,
Always they returned with a green olive leaf,
Or a poetic pearl out-shining a star,
In lustre and beauty from "the gates ajar."
The past, present, and future I viewed and scanned,
The rolling seas, circling ocean, and the land;
I gathered my couplets and poetic gems
From the trackless, riverless, oceanless realms.
Back in the ancient past, eternal unknown,
Where centuries were wrecked, scattered and strown;
Before Time began to corrode and consume,
And embryoed in Eternity's womb;
Before the morning stars had together sung,
Or their voices in Space's bosom e'er rung;
From beyond the voiceless regions of the dead,
And far from where death's footstep will never tread;
And from beyond the sound of the viewless winds,
Where none can commit unpardonable sins;
And where no sunbeam's path will ever lead,
From beyond the reach of angel's courier steed;

And from the bright, spotless, fadeless realms of bliss,
Where God's peace and righteousness each other kiss ;
Down Eternity beyond the other side
Of Time's swift ever sweeping, on rolling tide,
And from where no tongue will ever reach to tell ;
And from the deep, dark, rayless abyss of Hell.
I viewed old Time as a cloud like a man's hand,
As it began to live, lengthen, and expand.
It rolled on and on in its sublime, resistless sway,
Until it faded, fled, and passed away.
I scanned all passed duration as 'twere a day ;
And Time, as a moment, it vanished away.
When God unscaled my weak poetical eyes,
He did then my soul with Heavenly fire baptize.
From Heaven's altar He took a live coal,
And touched, and inspired the tongue of my soul.
He unscaled my wandering eyes with a blaze,
That I, on His grandeurs and glories might gaze.
Why, with poetical fire He endowed me,
Is a mystery greater than a shoreless sea ;
An unfathomed mystery to me 'twill be,
Till Time's shadows are lost in Eternity ;
A mystery clad and curtained in gloom,
And as dark as an Egyptian's midnight tomb.
To-day I reflect, tremble, and cannot tell,
Why forty years ago I was not in Hell.
I've sinned, I confess, as before God I stand,
With out-stretched, puny arms, and uplifted hand.
Many sinful acts and wicked deeds I've done,
On the bases of Jehovah's buckler run.

But God's mercy is as broad as the daylight,
Where rises no mist, and where gathers no night.
His spirit ever wooed and pleaded with me,
That I His glorious salvation might see.
The wings of mercy ever are widely spread ;
Jesus pleads the blood that He so freely shed ;
The Holy Spirit, too, weaves, beseeches, pleads,
And shows me my sins, my dangers and needs.
The universe I have been transported around,
Untold mysteries in profusion I found.
From childhood to old age, the path I have trod,
And from old age down to the assize of God.
Round the huge globe I had a circling sweep,
And roamed over tumbling oceans, wide and deep.
The polar peaks with their hoods of cloud and snow,
And far beyond where explorers ever go ;
Down into the fathomless unknown I dipped,
And away from planet to orbs in Space I skipped.
This circuit around was quicker done,
Than the swiftest flash of lightning's fiery tongue.
When rose to view black Tartarn's pit of Hell,
Whose disclosing horrors pen or tongue can't tell ;
Nor the plummet sound its depth of burning woe.
Where waves on waves of fiery lava flow ;
Where immortal demon's shriek in ceaseless pain,
To the hiss of serpents, and the clink of chain ;
Where the deathless worm will ever gnaw the soul,
While Eternity's measureless ages roll ;
Where the sable cloud-banner of eternal night,
Will never be illumined by a ray of light ;

Where death's jetty flag is forever unfurled~
On the ramparts of the lost soul's groaning world.
I have mapped the site of the terrible place,
Where will suffer forever the lost of my race.
After scanning the gulf where the damned are hurled,
I viewed the glories of the celestial world ;
The jasper-walled city of pure shining gold,
Which John in his sublime vision did unfold ;
With its star-glittering sheen and rain-bowed throne,
And the Judge is crowned and sceptered there on ;
And the wide and grand spreading fields that lay
In the noon tide beauty of eternal day.
Salvation's snowy banners everywhere spread,
And the golden streets where the sanctified tread.
The temple with its lofty and glistening towers,
And life's garden with its ever blooming flowers.
Where the saints on God's mountain immortal stand,
And shout mercy's glad tidings at His right hand.
Where a thousand times ten thousand angels sing,
And Heaven's vault with halleluiahs ring.
The River of Life flowing so deep and wide,
With the Tree of Life blooming on either side.
Where the white-robed armies glad greeting meet,
And shout salvation around the mercy seat.
The City's twelve gates of jasper which are fair,
And blendings of colors beautiful and rare.
I then scaled the mountains and the placid seas,
Scanned the fair Orion and the Pleiades,
And all the domain of the glittering stars,
And the orbs of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars,

And onward and upward I arose and viewed,
How the mighty worlds in Space's plains were stre wed.
Still onward, and upward, too, I winged my flight,
Through the measureless compass of astral light:
Then reversing my way, still onward I sped,
Amid worlds that were living and orbs that were dead;
I found I was leaving creation afar,
And entered a void unlit by a star.
Straight as Eternity's line my course I kept,
As through the dismal, sunless regions I swept.
A brighter shore in Space's starless void I sought,
My courier steed as swift as flying thought,
I sped through the lightless, limitless unknown,
Where no thoughts save mine were ever strown;
Where wings of brooding darkness are ever spread,
And where no footstep save mine will ever tread;
Where "king night" is enthroned in hideous sway,
And the light's golden glistenings never will display;
Beyond the reach of sight, or sound, or breeze,
Boundaries, divisions, circles, or degrees;
Beyond the reach of condor's eye, or wing,
Where no chorister will ever reach to sing.
My flight consumed more than a million of years
Beyond the past cycles of the circling spheres.
I found not in my movings the end of Space,
Neither shore, nor border, for a resting place.
Then I scanned the vistas of ages to see,
The day and the hour of Time's catastrophe,
When the world will be burning with consuming fire,
And all things that is mortal will expire.

I saw Time's ship land on Eternity's shore,
Her flag half-mast to be furled for evermore;
The pallid nations rising from their long sleep,
From the quaking land, and the tempest-tost deep;
The myriads gath'ring at the Judgement throne,
To reap the reward of the seed they had sown;
And all the host weighing on the judgment scales,
With their shouts and groaning, curses and wails.
God, His infinite wisdom has displayed
In the Space and immensity He has made.
Immensity imbosoms all the stars and suns
As far as the circuit of Space, unbounded, runs.
On her star-decked plains glow the blendings of light,
Whose splendors illuminate the foot-steps of night;
And the great milkway, the orbit of suns,
Where proud Orion leads, and Arcturus runs;
And streams of glory floats down the blue sky,
Exalting the mind and delighting the eye.
If immensity, by the eye, could be scanned,
What is visible would be but as a grain of sand;
Its domain without limit and bounds and wide,
Without center, circumference, edge or side.
Space girdles God's universe, His worlds entire,
Even the burning lake of brimstone and fire.
Back in the immeasurable past 'twas made,
Before the foundation of the earth was laid;
Before the light had wove for the sun's dark breast,
Of her radiant beams, a glittering vest;
Or had tinged a cloud in the ocean sky,
Out shot a golden lance from her burning eye.

Before the silver moon, crescent queen of night,
Had spread o'er this globe her beams of light;
Ere this mere speck of earth with spheres was bound,
Or planetary systems their orbits found;
Before the lightning chain had girdled the earth,
Or the stars in the milkway had had their birth;
Before Lucifer, son of the morning, fell
From the heights of Heaven to the depth of Hell;
Before man had received breath from Heaven's God,
Or the redolent paths of Eden had trod;
Before the eternal council, held of old,
Was by the holy prophets and seers foretold:
Before there was need of sacrificial blood,
Or warning of an aptediluvian flood;
Before God on Sinai with Moses talked,
Or Jesus on the sea of Gallilee walked;
Before the angels sung o'er Bethlehem's plains,
God created Space and spread out its domains.
It was created in so remote an age,
As to find no place on Time's historic page.
Omnipotence spake the Word and it was done,
And unlimited Space from dark chaos sprung.
This is the way that man would say Space was made,
But in Duration Space's lines were never laid.
We can no more trace Space's origin back,
Than we can on her margin make a track.
This Space may never have begun to be,
Was as beginningless as Eternity.
I can not sweep the glittering suns of its plain,
Nor telescope and compass its borders and lanes;

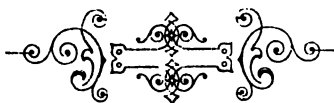
No needle has e'er traced its division ways
Thro' its night's dark arch and its mist shrouded days;
No enemies have ever trod its domains,
Nor the blast of its war-bugle startled its plains;
No vessel has ever its deep shores explored,
No ships in its harbor ever been moored.
O'er its wild waste no cherub's wing were e'er spread,
And its paths no wandering seraphs ever tread.
Along its aisles, no song nor voice ever rung,
Or Heavenly chorister have ever sung.
Its silence profound has never been broken
With the echo of words by human spoken.
No sound ever floats on its untrodden shore,
And no trumpets to howl, no hurricane to roar.
It would take a cannon ball numberless years
To reach the farthest of Space's burning spheres,
Were it to travel on a straight onward course,
And lose not a mile of its propelling force.
Two hundred thousand miles a second, the flight,
From the sun to the earth a beam of light:
If we travel at this precipitate rate,
For millions of years without checking our gait,
Through the unlimited tracks of its expanse,
No step toward its limits could we advance.
The circuit of a thousand suns in their race,
Blended in one would not form the dimmest trace.
Thought may leap from orb to orb on steed of fire,
But it can go to Space's bounds no nigher.
On mountains highest is perpetual snow,
And the cold increases the higher we go;

If it increase in the same proportion,
At Space's skirt it would freeze any ocean;
Yes, an ocean deep as a thousand seas,
To its lowest, darkest depths it would freeze.
The Devil, were he there, would sure find his death,
Before he could close his eyes or draw his breath—
O! ye fallen ones, don't you wish he there,
That again in your faces he could never stare.
It is far beyond the ken of human mind,
The limits and boundaries of Space to find.
Could Eternity's last moment roll around,
The lines and limits of Space could then be found.
Death's angel, whose reign of terror is so wide,
Has failed to discover where Space don't abide.
While Eternity's pendulum oscillate,
No human thought will ever pass thro' Space's gate.
The sentinels on Heaven's towers combined,
The terminal lines of Space never could find.
God has run all its lines beyond creation,
Where exists neither height, nor depth, nor station.
And far beyond where measurement can not reach,
Unbounded Eternity its nearest beach.
Space can be mapped out by God's eternal mind,
Its ultimate, the Eternal Three can find.
If anything impossible with God could be,
Then its unending stretch He never can see.
He fills the vast regions of infinite Space,
And sees it entire without turning His face.
He can wear Space as a girdle, or a cloak,
And create worlds more quickly than words are spoke.

The circling planets and systems, bright and fair,
He wears in His diadem His jewels rare.
Space is as vast as Eternity for size,
For parallel with it Eternity it lies.
Sister and brother,—Eternity and Space,
In vastness their relation we can not trace.
Eternity is a shoreless, fathomless sea,
Space is as vast as Eternity can be.
While the cycles of Eternity roll round,
There'll be domains in Space by angels unfound.
When enough of worlds by God could be hurled,
To make for each of the human race a world,
Still there would be a place for planets and spheres
Throughout the ceaseless sweep of the endless years,
With worlds of ancient Eternity to vie,
Till all are dissolved, burned up or they die.
The sage who could Space's mysteries proclaim,
Would build for himself a monument of fame;
His name would echo from station to station,
From isle to kingdom, from nation to nation;
Many sons, of his deathless renown would sing,
And down the vistas of Time his name would ring;
The empires of earth would his eulogy speak,
And kings and princes' acquaintance seek,
His name would be tongued by every nation,
And echoed to the end of Time's probation.
Many are the hard things we can solve and probe,
But Space's mystery is deeper than our globe.
Around the ocean girted hemisphere we can sail,
And the loftiest mountain summit scale,

And build cities and monuments grand to view,
And nations and kingdoms conquer and subdue;
We can tunnel and overturn the mountains,
And change the channel of rivers and fountains;
We can establish civil service stations,
And predict the weather to all the nations.
Dim hieroglyphic, decipher and explain,
When they have in oblivious ages lain:
All these exploits can we perform and much more,
But to Space we can ne'er discover a shore
While the golden chariots roll round the sun,
And the mighty rivers to the oceans run;
While the waves of the Atlantic beat her shore
And the mighty gulf into her bosom pour;
While the cloud mantled Alps, in majesty stand,
By wings of cyclones continually fanned;
And is ordained that world around worlds revolve,
The mysteries of Space never can we solve.
As swiftly we glide down Time's mystical stream,
Of its vastness never, never can we dream.
Its magnitude no human language can tell,
Nor the Archangels, who have never fell.
Its description is beyond the might of pen,
In the richest dialects used by lettered men.
Could we but resurrect the inspired of old,
By them the vastness of Space could not be told.
The astronomer who thinks to limit Space,
Would his God dishonor and himself disgrace.
This is all of Space we will ever know,
While down Times myterious sweep we go.

It is all well, we to search from shore to shore,
Till Time and mind and mortal life shall be no more ;
'Tis all we shall know till we hear the glad song,
From the hearts and lips of the sanctified throng ;
It is all till the glories of Heaven we see,—
The Bride and the Lamb and the Eternal Three ;
It is all till our souls, delivered from strife,
Shall live in the tide of the River of Life ;
'Tis all till we see our Savior's smiling face,
And with snow pinions range the fields of Space.



 BEYOND THE **RIVER.**

We sometimes learn more in a single dream
Than we perceive in years, sailing Time's stream.
At times, God does remove the mystic veil
And lead our souls out on hasty detail;
And guide our souls to the celestial realm
In waking hours, where our thoughts could not stem.
The ocean we cross in a moment of time,
And hear the bells of different nations chime;
And joyous sweep throughout the vine-clad bowers,
Reviewing the wrecks of down trodden towers;
Dreaming of things a thousand years past gone,
Of things, too, in dawning years coming on;
Of living an entire life in one dream,
And dying and crossing o'er Jordan's stream,
And meeting the throng at the Judgment bar,
The pearly gates opening to us ajar;



And meeting in the bowèred garden of bliss,
Where glory-pionioned angels each other kiss;
And dreaming of flying with flame-tipped wings,
And supping at Elysia's gurgling springs;
Of being dead and buried in the dark grave,
And of riding on Hell's fierce, surging wave:
And dream of a thousand streams of pleasure,
And owning the globe with all its treasure;
And dream of being robed, crowned and palmed,
And roaming the sulphur seas of the damned;
And laving in God's fountain pools above,
And drinking salvation's honey cup of love:
We dream of being dead, coffined and buried,
And by angels across Jordan ferried.
In our dreams, we pour out our bitter tears
In life's pleasing hope and distressing fears.
We see the furious man rage and swear,
See them each other's eyes out tear.
We dream that we to the sinner preach,
And to them the way of salvation teach.
Our pleasures, joy, our bitterest sorrows
Are as vast as life's astounding horrors.
Of kindling imagination we dream,
Its state gliding down pleasurer's nectar stream.
See ourselves with fast friends in Heaven reside,
With no feigned preference of friends to hide.
Our choice of earthly option here below,
To Heaven, with the blood-washed, will not go.
Of father and mother we no more will think,
Of salvation's cup alike will we drink.

We dream of sailing on wide sapphire seas,
With our sail driven by the swiftest breeze ;
And sailing backward on the stream of Time
To where the world in Space began to chime ;
And dream of God's effulgent, blazing light,
Like a thousand bursting suns at night :
Then we dream of sailing on fancy's wing
Till in Heaven we hear the angel's sing.
We sail and out-strip, in our loftiest flight,
A thousand times the beams of meteor light.
How long until the little rill drops meet,
Each other in ocean's breast to greet ?
The little rill to the mighty rivers flow,
And to the roaring sea, flowing rivers go ;
They in the bosom of the ocean pour,
To mix and mingle there forever more.
They have been six thousand years apart,
Since the time they took their first feeble start.
In man's mind, mysteries slumber deep,
Until they are upheaved by dreams in sleep.
When sleeping, man slumbers and thinks of naught,
His mind may bud and blossom into thought.
To Jesus Christ, and God, our love would be,
With all concentrated on the Eternal Three.
There angels, in Adam's race, must we meet,
With one united love we there shall greet.
We, children are of God, by faith in Christ,
Our whole love, God has to each other priced.
Our neighbor as ourselves are we to love,
Is an infallible fiat from above.

We dream of meeting our loved friends above,
Preferring to all others them in love;
Of our tried friends there we shall love no more,
Than if we had never seen them before.
Wiped out and done away will ever be,
The tie of kinship by consanguinity.
If our earthly ties, death could not sever,
We, for lost friends, would sorrow forever.
How could we in Heaven, ourselves enjoy,
And know in Hell we have a girl or boy?
With seven brothers would there not be a strife,
All having on earth one woman to wife?
Would not Uriah and David disagree
About Solomon's mother, Bathsheba?
We leave, at death, our earthly ties behind,
And alike with charity feed all angelic kind.
God-like, our faith and charity, will be
Flowing like glory to gloss the crystal sea.
A vision I saw such as ne'er before,
In the nineteenth century and eighty-four,
As I reposed in rest at close of day,
At spell-bound night it seemed I passed away.
I felt I had drawn my last fleeting breath,
And struggling life was swallowed up in death.
Life had flown, my dying pillow I pressed,
The chilly waves of Jordan I had already passed.
A spirit of real form was prepared,
Which from my tenantless body was reared.
I had a Heavenly form I could tell,
And, seemingly, I could hear, taste and smell.

Light as light was I, or as ether air,
Beyond art to describe, and white and fair.
Perception was cloudless, distinctly clear,
I was beyond the reach of ransom fear.
The spirit was ablaze as a flame of light,
Nothing I knew save rapture and delight.
The night had fled, and darkness slunk away
To join our grand, eternal, glorious day.
In every place was a radiant of light,
I robed in cerement of spotless white.
Unblemished by the stains and sin of care,
A gown I wore which angels viewed to share.
My soul was lighted with the celestial light,
My eyes beheld as with inspired insight.
I could but an ocean of glory view,
I was on angels pinions wafted through.
On wings of love I flew to Heaven's spirit land,
Amid dulcet sounds on the golden strand.
A glorious ship lay in wait in port,
Me to transport to the Heavenly court.
A gentle zephyr grew into a gale,
We toward the port of glory then did sail.
Were Heaven's snow-white sails on every mast,
On Glory's sea we were gliding fast.
The captian of salvation in the lead,
We sailed the snow-foamed seas with pleasing speed.
While through the silver spray the vessel plowed,
Around with rainbow hues were a blanched cloud.
The boundless ocean with its rolling tide,
Did seem it had no land on either side.

This sea rolled its crystal prised waves along,
As notes of a sweet and cheering song.
More grand than fields of fire-glittering stars,
Or a thousand clouds striped in golden bars;
Sublime and grand, its beauties far out-shone
The diamond gems of earth's precious stone.
Its gorgeous grandeur by me could not be told,
Should I be old as the world is old.
The joy that awaits the panting soul, is seen
By none in life,—Heaven is all serene.
It could not be counted nor multiplied
By man or prophet, that ever prophesied.
Miriam's timbrel, David's harp, nor tongue,
Of such sublime glory never sung.
My soul was lighted by glory's bright beams,
In ten thousand times ten thousand streams.
My spirit then was blessed and filled with praise
In ascending to my God in ablaze.
Of praises my soul had abundant store,
From life's river drawn which flows evermore.
The supply was great as great could be,
Out-flowing like waves for the struggling sea.
My mind entire, and soul, pulse and form,
Were pouring forth their praises like a storm.
As a volcano would heave her lava out,
My prayer was mounting to God in a shout.
Of the richest of salvation I drank,
My soul all-expanding, my God to thank.
I saw floods of light, of love, glory too,
From life's living fountain my spirit drew.

All the ways of the reservoir were opened wide,
Its immense store my hungry soul supplied.
Then all those mighty floods my soul did store,
From the fountain of love which they did pour.
As I was ascending high up, arose higher,
My soul was flamed with Heaven-glowing fire
To express the joy, rapture and delight
Of souls on their upward Heavenly flight.
My joy will ne'er be told by mortal tongue,
Nor by singing seraph that ever sung;
All the wisdom of angel bands combined,
To express, fit language they ne'er can find,
All the great words that will e'er girdle earth,
Could not express its joy, grandeur and worth.
Upon the throne sits God enrobed in light,
He only knows its joy, bliss and delight.
My soul has been filled with pure love
From the exhaustless fountain from above;
Around me beautiful pleasures were strown
By the hand of God, plucked near Heaven's throne.
Had I met with a sainted bride from above,
Who would have greeted me with nuptial love,
Equalled with angels who golden crowns wear,
All the joys of Heaven, my soul would share;
If I had been feasting on Heaven's richest store,
Until I was satisfied and craved no more;
Or, if I had been clothed in ermine robe,
As fine as ever fashioned on the globe;
And had all earth's treasure been given in my hand,
To satisfy my pleasure, or command;

Had I been crowned king or potentate,
With a thousand lords on me to wait ;
And had been monarch of the worlds of light,
My joy could not have increased my delight.
My joy was the gift of His own pleasure,
Which could be bought by no earthly treasure.
Nothing with Heaven's pleasure can compare,
With that christian's delight Infidels can't share.
Death seems but the shade of angel's wing,
Or like the gurgling of a crystal spring ;
Or the last beam the sinking sun would shed ;
Or sunbeams would on sunbeams tread.
In death, from the body the soul doth steal,
The future, the spirit eye doth reveal.
One breath alone, a partition between
Two things alone, the seen and the unseen.
One step there is between life and death,
That is the last pulsing of the breath.
When man dies he and passes away,
Then the soul soars into everlasting day.
The soul is robed in pure spotless white,
To take its glorious, everlasting flight ;
As it soars to the realms beyond the sky,
To God's glorious gemmed city on high,
There mid fields of incessant pleasure roam,
With the good of all—yes, aye at home,
While the cycles of Eternity roll,
The theme in Heaven will be the ransomed soul
Stamped with the scene of the Heavenly One,
Its joy throughout Eternity will run.

The soul is light as a shadow can be,
Yet with senses it can know, hear and see;
Still noiseless it can make its passing flight,
As the voiceless shadow of a breezeless night.
To be skeptic, tell where the soul must go
When it bends and shoots the last earthly bow?
Where will be the soul's last resting abode
When man in the earth for the worms is sowed?
In this life, where does the soul abide?
In what part of the body does it hide?
The soul is the immortal part of man,
Which no mortal ken will e'er view or scan.
'Tis viewless as the breeze that passes by,
And ne'er was viewed by any mortal eye.
The soul immortal will forever be,
As the temple pillars of Eternity.
When the soul and body shall separate,
No more of the earth can it hear, or state;
But can hear the sweep of an angel's wing,
And can hear the song that angels sing.
When it is parted from its mortal ear,
No more of mortality can it hear,
If we be spirit-born, I will declare
No boisterous stream to frighten will be there.
Sin makes Jordan's banks both wide and deep,
And makes us shudder, howl and weep.
Sin steeps Jordan's banks on either side,
And storms her with a rolling, sweeping tide.
Would we die without remorse or fear,
We must have the soul and conscience clear.

A blood-washed soul could pass through Hell
Without a singe or a sulphurous smell.
In no dungeon can a soul be confined,
If, with steel, a thousand times doubly lined.
With no obstacles could it possibly meet,
For it could pass through a mountain as a street.
Poets may sing of gorgeous landscape views,
Of gentle showers and crystal diamond dews,
Of the loftiest hills and piled up mountains,
Of the rills and crystal fountains,
Of the water-fall and falling cascades,
Of the winding slopes, flowery meads and glades,
Of silver lakes and gentle zephyr breeze,
Of surging gulfs and lashing briny seas,
Of Ceylon's and Sheba's sweet spicy groves,
Of cinnamon plains and garden scented cloves,
Of gold and silver, and diamond-gemmed mines,
Of plains of oak and hill-tops clad with pines,
Of cities and lofty shining towers.
Of vine-clad hills and sunny bowers;
May sing of golden ambrosial fruit,
That would the palates of all living suit;
Of flowing rivers and healing waters;
Of feathered fowl and brown furred otters;
Of all our star-gems and golden crowns,
Or robes of fur, our silk and satin gowns,
These court with the joys of a heavenly day—
These are all as dross that passes away.
They vanish as the bubble of a stream,
Compared with the joys of a heavenly beam.

Of glory's blazing weight I cannot state,
Nevertheless I've seen and felt its weight.
'Tis glory that shines from throne to soul,
The conducting battery and electric pole.
'Tis the golden stream that comes from the throne,
And is managed by Him who sits thereon.
'Tis the conductor coming from the throne,
That joins the soul's name, written on white stone.
It is the soul's Heavenly flight of stairs,
On which it sends to the throne, sacred prayers.
It is that which conducts, and it conveys
The mercy of God in a thousand ways.
The weight of glory spoken of by Paul
Is light through the orifice of a wall.
Our mind with a burden of thought may bend,
The glory of God we can't comprehend.
We draw on number's richest figure fount,
Its grandeurs we can't calculate nor count;
It transcends mortal description below,
Its account from mortal lips will ne'er flow;
It can't be sketched by the brush of a saint;
Its image on canvass angels can't paint.
Attempts to sketch it would make mortals blush,
And it can't be painted by Raphael's brush;
Its grandeur no man will attempt to state,
No voice will attempt to articulate.
The attitude no mortal thought can peer,
Nor thought's lightning yearn ever reach to hear.
God's glory indescribable will be,
As the sweeping tide of Eternity.

For a description of glory we'll wait,
Until we have passed Heaven's glorious gate.
Glory in Heaven's noontide blaze of day,
Which drives the darkness from our souls away,
Its our urim and thummim which we know
Where, and how, and when, and which way to go.
It's the lightning and communicating rod,
On which we send our message to God.
It is Heaven and its celestial reign,
That tells what relation to God we sustain.
It in our wondering ne'er fails to tell,
Whether we are going to Heaven or Hell.
It will be the bright shining lamp to our feet,
Until the celestial host we shall meet.
God's grace in the face of Jesus always shines,
With light the mansions of Heaven it lines.
When Moses on the Mount received the law,
The rear part of God's glory he saw;
His glory shone so incredibly bright,
His face he veiled to protect their weak sight.
On the sacred page, God's glory shines,
And on each of his Heavenly called divines.
God's glory to the soul will be revealed,
When turned out in God's Elysian field.
Unclouded glory it will realize,
As it will soar beyond the murky skies.
Its grandeur no mortal will descry,
Till it soars to the blissful realms on high.
God's effulgent glory will dazzle on,
When other lights are uncycled and gone.

Glory has ever blazed with its effulgent tide,
Like a shoreless sea, from side to side.
It shone before the orbits began to roll,
Or God had created man with a deathless soul;
Before the sea began to ebb and flow,
Or the season roll round, or come and go;
Before the field of Space with stars was stained,
Or before it had ever misted or rained.
Time is with man, and it passes away,
While Duration with God is but a day.
The more we seek the passages for light,
The peerless weight of glory shines more bright.
The weight of glory is more glorified,
When to the soul salvation is applied.
Glory drives darkness from our souls away,
And turns night into luminous day.
The more we pray, and gird our loins,
The more the matchless weight of glory shines.
We send our prayers to God as a flood,
And are answered by faith in Jesus' blood.
God, who causes light out of darkness to shine
Upon our souls, reflects his spirit divine.
No prayer will reach the eternal throne,
Without the aid of worship—without a groan.
We may love mercy, justice; humbly walk,
Too, of the Eternal, sing, pray and talk;
If 'tis not done with willing heart and mind,
They are poor, naked, destitute and blind.
We may pray our prayers till the judgment day
Without faith, and God would wash no sin away.

In our conversion, God is glorified ;
In conversion, His word is magnified.
If the suburbs of God's glory are so grand,
What will be at the coronation stand,
When salvation's trophies are strewn around
God's children, who, with glory, are crowned?
To no sight could God's glory be compared,
Not even to the vaulted heavens that's starred.
God has piled his mounts of glory so high
That no seraph to their height could fly ;
Their blazing summits so high He has tossed,
That in the infinite beyond they are lost.
No thoughts these lofty peaks will ever scale,
Nor angels beyond their heights will ever sail.
Their grandeur by me could not be told,
Could I live to be a thousand years old ;
Could not be told by gifted bard nor page,
Nor philosopher of modern age.
Glory's inconceivable delight
Transcends imagination's lofty flight.
The wisdom of empires we may engage
In the world's encyclopædiated page ;
Wisdom's subterraneous vault we may search,
On the climax of knowledge we may perch ;
We may drink of the ocean of her delight,
And bask in effulgent, blazing light ;
Yet God's glory we could not describe,
With the dialects of every nation and tribe.
What would the Heavenly paradise be,
If glory's blaze there we could not see?

What would have been Christ's transfiguration,
Had not there been a glorification?
Who would desire a crown without a star,
If in paradise there no glories are?
Ye mighty rolling suns which shine by day,
And at night hide your shining faces away,
Then in the morning when ye in majesty arise
To show forth God's praise, ye climb the skies.
Ye, fields of glittering stars, that shine so bright,
To show His praise ye sparkle night by night.
Ye dark and threatning clouds, with lightning flash,
Show forth God's praises with your thunder crash.
Ye mighty rivers, as ye to the ocean flow,
Mingling together, yourselves do not know,
Show forth His praises as ye in vapor rise
In dark clouds to pour down rain from the skies.
Ye spontaneous fields of fragrant flowers,
Show His praise as you bow your heads for showers.
Ye lofty mountains and ponderous hills,
Show His praise by the murmuring of rills.
Ye swift winds that blow from pole to pole,
Show His praises as the ocean waves you roll.
Ye lost souls who groan with undying pains,
Acknowledge that God in His justice reigns.
Ye nations of the earth, praise God to-day,
Ere He in anger sweeps your souls away.
There's no time to repent beyond the grave,
For there's no interceding Savior to save.
These lines may never again in your ear ring,
Till in Hell you groan, or in Heaven you sing.

Ye winged songsters of the courts on high,
Do strike your harps for a new song I cry.
Christ has given salvation for all mankind,
And the way, by faith, is easy for us to find.
Ye choir, tune your harps for a nobler strain,
The song which you sang o'er Bethlehem's plain.
Ye angels, which minister to mankind,
Can ye some higher strain for Jesus find?
His groans, did you hear in Gethsemane,
When he suffered for all mortal kind and me?
Did ye see Him when He bowed His head,
And His disciples in fear from Him fled?
Did ye not see His pierced hands and side,
His thorn-pierced temple when He groaned and died?
Ye men of the world, can you lend an ear?
Ye adamantines, can't ye shed a tear?
O, thou earth, why didst thou cease to quake?
And why now not thy lasting silence break?
Ye polar, cloud-capped mountains of driv'n snow,
Let your mantles in tears forever flow.
Praise God, all ye celestial, sparkling lights,
And immense lengths, deep depths and great heights.
Yea, all ye winds and water, air and fire,
Elements and universe praise Him entire.
Thou escorting spirit of the Heavenly realm,
Help me, by faith, to touch the vester hem.
Help me to live close to Thy bleeding side,
And forever in Thy blessed word confide.
As the hart panteth for a sparkling brook,
So for Thy salvation, Lord, I anxious look.

Beyond the clouds I long to soar,
And there reign with God forevermore;
There to be mingled with the sacred throng,
And sing the 'anthems of redemption's song:
On Thy emblazoned, garnished throne above,
To shout forever Thy salvation of love.
Oh, God, help me so to live, that I may realize
My vision when I die, beyond the skies.

CONCLUSION.

Two whole months of years, I have been
Sailing on Time's rugged sea of sin.
I have past by three score harvest years,
In offering my prayers and shedding tears.
I have passed through many tempestuous storms,
In their terrible and most hideous forms.
Since was launched on Time's sea, my frail bark,
I have encountered her most monster shark.
And since to the breeze I have spread my sail,
I have been chased by Time's voracious whale.

But on the tempestous waves I rode,
With my huge sin-encumbered load ;
When the black clouds were lowering around,
It seemed that in hate God on me frowned.
On the crest of many a mountain wave's brink,
My bark has been ready to founder and sink.
My frail, way-worn, storm-lashed tossing bark,
Was chased by the monster in the dark.
My rude bark on the mighty waves were tossed,
Until I was almost covered and lost.
All the huge monsters in the boistrous sea,
And the wicked fiends of Hell were after me.
My life in the fathomless deep was perilled,
While the wicked fiends, their darts at me hurled.
But I passed on like some great magic wand,
Upheld by Jehovah's unseen hand.
Had I been swept under the great sea's swell,
Perchance, long since, I might have been in Hell.
On Time's sea there is constant commotion,
As heaving waves in an angry ocean.
I have passed through long years of heat and cold,
While the mighty billows over me rolled ;
With the rains and hails on me pouring,
And the rolling waves like thunder roaring.
The blazing lightnings have over me flashed,
The wild bellowing thunders fiercely crashed.
The angry whirlpool I have left behind,
A safe haven on Canaan's coast to find.
The hungry storm pelted me with its wing,
As tho' I were an insignificant thing.

The many fair pilgrims that started at my side,
Have been swept away in Time's boisterous tide;
The thundering, rolling, threatening waves,
Have buried them in their watery graves.
The storm has now folded her viewless wings,
After lashing my sails to shreds and strings.
The lightning has flashed, and it has fled
To find some one else on obstetric bed.
The black clouds that were lowering around,
They are for some other shore distant bound.
The thunderbolts which have so often crushed,
Their noise are in silent slumber hushed.
All the noise has hushed and passed away,
I now behold the beach of endless day.
Far from the brilliant shores it can not be,
From the way the white sea-gulls skim the sea.
I am almost across the fathomless deep,
For the angry waves are lulling me to sleep.
The way the white sea-gulls skim the stream,
And it seems I can hear them faintly scream.
The whirlpools and maelstroms I have almost passed,
Soon my anchor will be ready to cast.
When I land safe and cast my anchor out,
Then will my fond soul burst into a shout.
I am now nearing Beulah's sunny land,
Where on her peaceful shore I have longed to stand.
'Tis said, there the sun shines night and day,
It is there we'll not have long to stay.
This Beulah's blessing we will not receive,
Till gone is the stain of Adam and Eve.

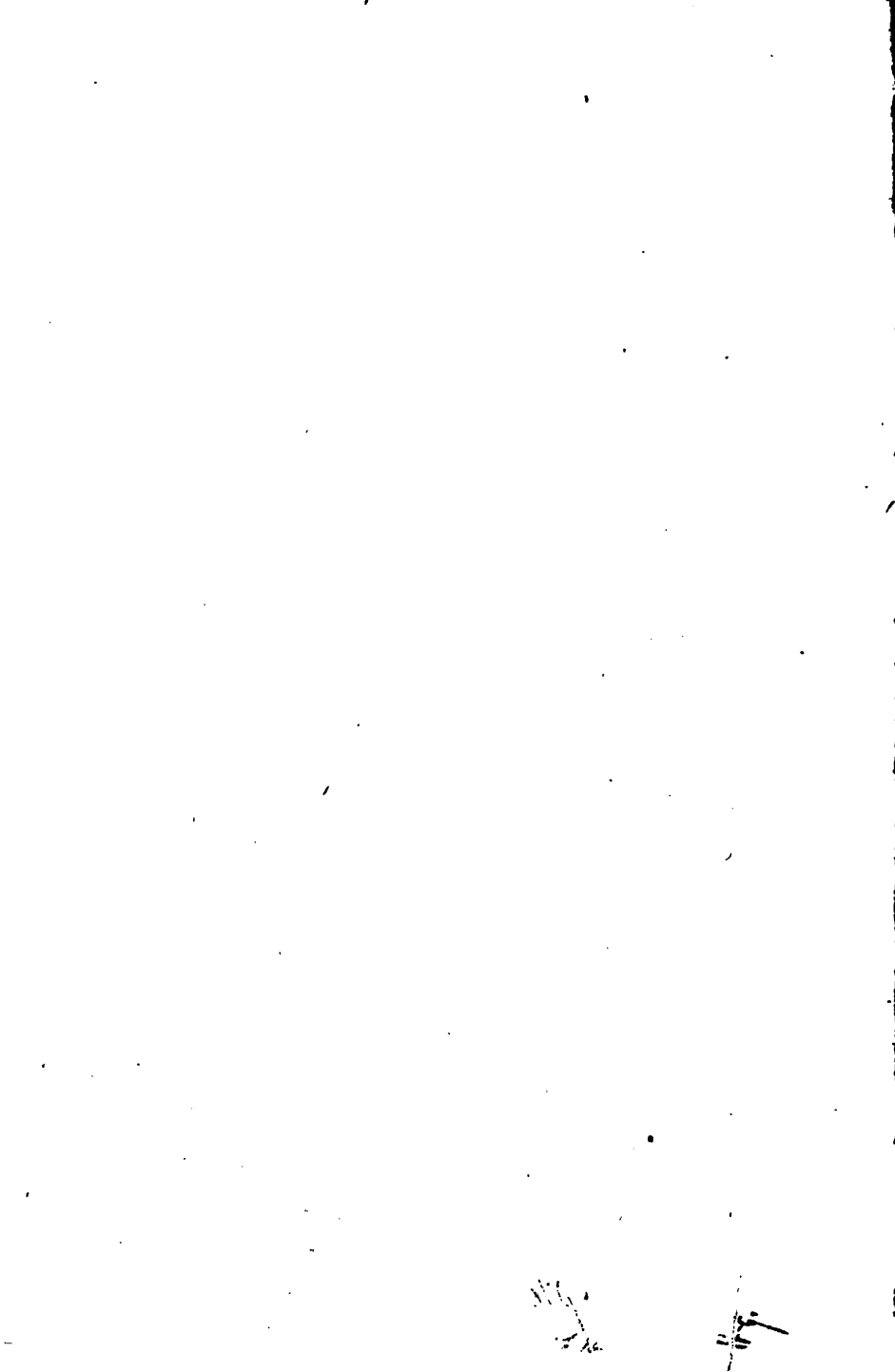
When we all draw our last agonizing breath,
And our lives are swallowed up in death,
Then we willspread our wings to soar away
In to bright realms of everlasting day.
If sinful man were sanctified throughout,
He would be as pure as Jesus Christ, no doubt.
To what kingdom would you go, or what way,
To find one so immaculate to-day?
True, sanctification may be obtained
Before frail man is at death's door reined.
But it is for man, something rarely done,
Till the receding of life's setting sun.
When the growing grain-stalk is ripe in ear,
It does then soon in the field shock appear.
In harvest fields, the shock long does not stand,
Till it is gathered, garnered, threshed and fanned.
Soon after matured cereals are reaped,
For it, the garner is thoroughly swept.
Do seeds mature when planted in the ground,
Before the ripening season rolls around?
We're commanded to holy be, I know,
And must in charity, Christ-like, grow.
But who on this sinful earth would claim
To be as untarnished as the Living Flame?
To behold the tireless moon is not bright,
Nor' chaste the glittering stars in His sight;
How much less is man, who is of woman born,
Who's punctured by affliction's galling thorn.
The sanctified soul is so holy and pure,
That no unholy thought could it endure.

Enraptured with His likeness we will be,
When we awake, and Jesus Christ we see.
Somewhere in God's unlimited domain,
There is to human mind an endless plain.
The great home lawn of the ancient of Days,
Is longer where God, the Great Eternal, stays.
Should all the luminaries of the skies,
Which are visible to dim mortal eyes,
Could they all be into one body run,
Fulled and amalgamated into one;
And all the canopied ether we see starred,
Would be but a corner in Zion's backyard.
On her celebrated, celestial ground,
God's golden city is spread around,
With her glorious double-peaked mountains,
And her great crystal, sky-spouting fountains;
She stands there in her unequaled pride,
With a golden gemmed wall on either side.
As she spout round her water in full view,
And strewing mist, like silver, crystal dew,
Which forms glory-clouds of lucid light,
She enrapture her beholders with delight.
There God's unsetting sun is seen to shine,
And the fair angels in her light to twine;
The sparkling silver mist, like morning dews,
Are painting floating clouds in rainbow hues;
The blood-washed children all around in sight,
Robbed in Salvation's blood-vesture white;
The holy angels are flaming their souls
From the golden altar's blazing coals;

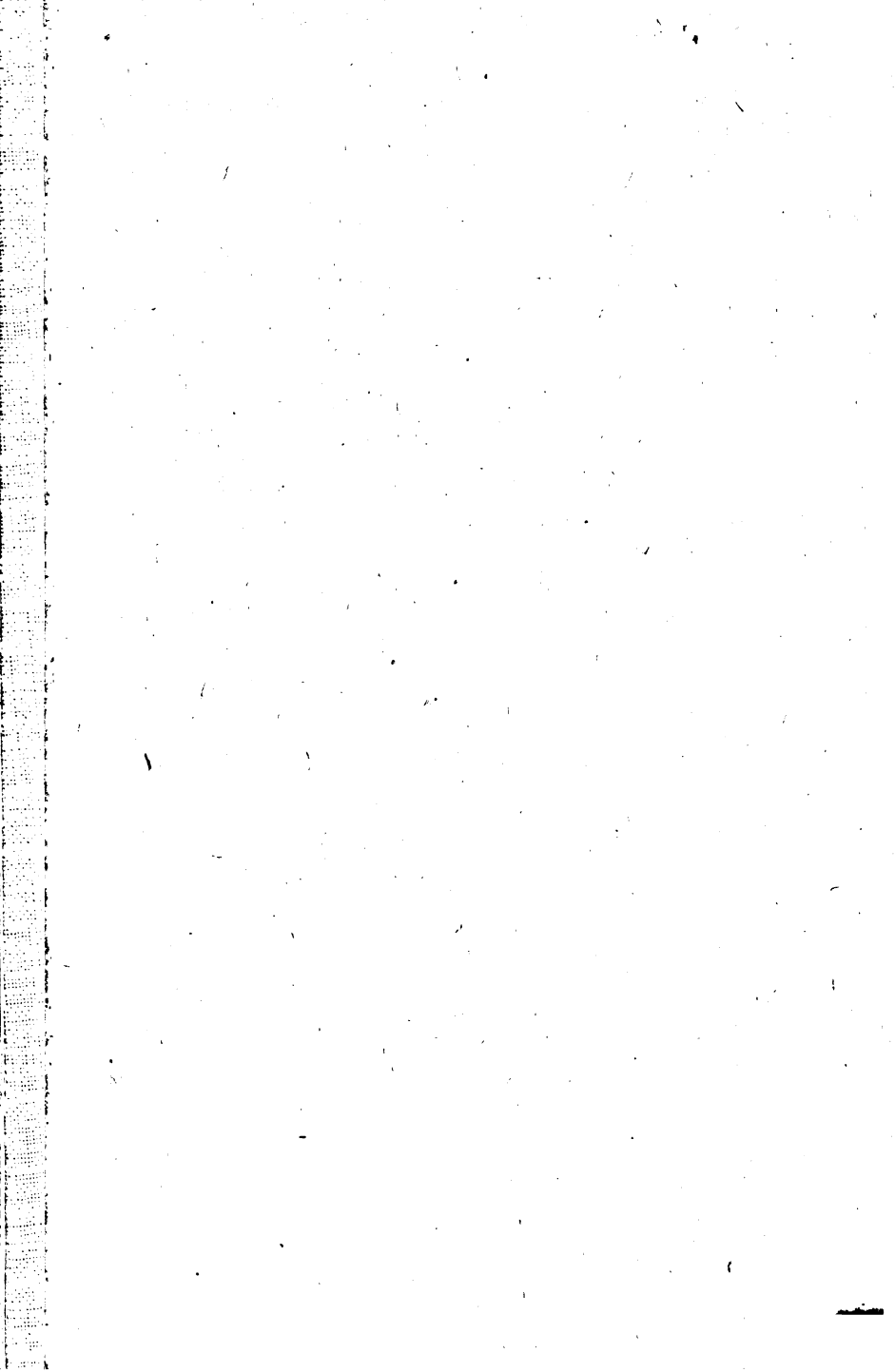
Life's deep river is rolling her waves along,
Like the floating strains of a heavenly song,
And God's glory from every place is streaming,
While His smiles 'on every soul is beaming.
The gold-paved streets of Heaven, are spread
Where the golden slippered seraphims tread,
And millions of white sailed ships there be,
Floating the bosom of God's glory sea,
And bringing a happy cargo from every nation,
And safely landing them at every station.
There God's electrified, seven fold thunder,
Is kissing the glory clouds asunder,
And His fair olive leaf continues to wave
'Round the conquerers of death, hell and the grave.

THE END.









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